

THE
BOOK OF SINDIBĀD;

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following analytical account of a unique Persian MS. poem, entitled *Sindibād Nāma*, or the Book of Sindibād, belonging to the Library of the India Office, was published by Professor Forbes Falconer in the Asiatic Journal, vols. xxxv and xxxvi, 1841. By the courtesy of Dr Rost, I have been favoured with a loan of this manuscript, which is beautifully written in the *ta'llq* character, and adorned with numerous paintings. Unfortunately, several *lacuna* occur throughout the volume, and thirty leaves are misplaced. It now comprises about 170 *folia*, and 5000 couplets. The original numbering of the leaves seems to have been cut away when it received its present Oriental binding, as many of the full-page pictures are imperfect at the top, and the re-numbering is in a different hand from that of the text, and made consecutive, notwithstanding the displaced and missing leaves. Owing probably to the defective condition of the MS., Falconer has altogether overlooked one story (the title of which is written in faint blue ink at the foot of a page) and the remains of two others; from which it is evident that in this text, as in all others of the Eastern group of the *Sindibād*, each of the Seven Vazīrs had originally two stories. He states that in his analysis he has "sometimes, for the purpose of giving the reader a better idea of the work and of the author's style, freely used his own diffuse and Orientally fanciful expressions and imagery; and sometimes compressed his narrative and trimmed his exuberance (for compression and curtailment were necessary in analysing a work of such extent); and sometimes, especially when the tale was already familiar to readers in other works, or objectionable in its nature, satisfied himself with giving the title, or a reference to the corresponding portion of the Greek version. Those who know the difficulties of Persian poetry," he justly adds, "and the disadvantage of possessing but a single manuscript, will not only excuse, but will even lay their account with meeting, occasional misapprehensions of the sense."

An account of the several Eastern texts of the Book of Sindibād being given in the introductory pages of the present volume, Falconer's preliminary observations on the same subject need not be here reproduced; indeed, they are rather out of date, so many important discoveries regarding this work having been made of recent years. His plan of leaving some of the tales untranslated must be unsatisfactory to students of the genealogy of popular fictions, since it is only by comparing different versions of these stories that their original forms can be ascertained. Stories which are not objectionable are therefore now presented as fully as the state of the manuscript permits, and the additions and corrections

printed within square brackets; while such of Falconer's notes as have been retained are distinguished by the letter F from those for which I must be held responsible.

W. A. C.

THE BOOK OF SINDIBĀD.

Introduction.

After the customary opening with an invocation and address to the Deity, a chapter in praise of the Prophet, a complaint against fortune, and an exhortation to contentment and abandonment of the world, the author proceeds, in the fifth chapter, to inform the reader that he had himself no thought of composing a poem, no desire to plunge into such a sea of difficulty; that he was too sensible of his own want of genius to think of such an undertaking: but that one night his Majesty— that King whose fortune is awake, and whose equal the eye of Time beholds not even in its dreams— addressed him, and, while he complimented him on his talents, complained that he did not sufficiently exert them. “He observed,” says the poet, “that the nightingale should not sit for ever song-less, nor the parrot mute; that I possessed the gift of eloquence and sweet discourse; but that I was lazy, lazy, lazy! ‘Perform,’ said he, ‘such an achievement, with the sword of the pen, as shall live as long as swords are wielded. Turn into verse, during my reign, some prose work, that my memory may be perpetuated: let it be the Tale of Sindibād.’ With downcast looks, I replied: ‘If God grant me his aid, and if my life be spared, I will turn into verse that celebrated book.’

“I gave ear (for to neglect a commandment is a fault, especially a supreme command of a king), and when seventy-six [years] were added to 700,¹ in the reign of the sultan resembling Jamshīd;² the king of the world; the refuge of the

¹ A.H. 776, or A.D. 1374-5. The author was therefore a contemporary of Hāfiz, who died A.D. 1389. Falconer has erroneously rendered this passage: “I had heard that disobedience to the command of a sovereign is culpable; and at the time indicated by the words, *the sublime mandate of the King*, when seventy-six years had passed beyond 700,” for which, on the authority of Mr. J. W. Redhouse, the above is substituted. A poet never gives a date in full words and in values also; and he would certainly not give it both ways when they did not agree the supposed chronogram, rendered by Falconer, *sublime mandate of the King*, would indicate the year 779, while the author, we have seen, gives the exact date as 776.

² Jamshīd was the fifth of the Pishdādī (or Achæmenian) dynasty of ancient Persian kings, concerning whom many extravagant legends are related amongst which, that he possessed a magical cup, or goblet, that reflected the

khalifate; the possessor of the throne, the signet, and the diadem; who plucks up by the roots violence and oppression; the asylum of Arabia; the crown-bestower of Persia; the munificent, bold, and dauntless king, before whose prowess lion and tiger flee; I composed the following work, and thus reared an edifice proof against all the assaults of Time, and not such a structure that any one can designate as the 'house of the spider.'”

The chapter in which the tale commences affords, in the opening couplet, another allusion to the author of the prose work, of which this is a poetical paraphrase, informing us that the poet's original was written in *Persian*, but that its author was an *Arab* by descent. Perhaps this might afford some ground for the conjecture that the Arab had found the tale in the language of his family, and translated it from Arabic into Persian. Loiseleur Des Longchamps, however, who was not acquainted with the existence of the present work, was of opinion that the tale was first translated into Persian (from the Sanskrit), and from Persian into Arabic.

“An Arabian by descent, but speaking the Persian tongue, has thus informed me in eloquent language, that there reigned in India a sage and mighty monarch,¹ the bricks of whose palace were not of stone or marble, but of gold; the fuel of whose kitchen was fresh wood of aloes; who had brought under the signet of his authority the kingdoms of Rūm and Abyssinia; and to whom were alike tributary the Ethiop Mihrāj (Mahārāj) and the Roman Qaysar. He was distinguished above all monarchs for his virtue, his clemency and justice. But, although he was the refuge of the khalifate, he was not blessed with an heir: life and the world appeared profitless to him, because he had no fruit of the heart in the garden of his soul.”

One night, while reclining on his couch, sad and thoughtful, consumed with grief like a morning taper, he heaved a deep sigh, upon which one of his favourite wives (he had a hundred in his harem²), advancing towards him and kissing the ground, inquired the cause of his distress. He discloses it. His wife consoles him,

whole world and all events and achievements.

¹ In the Greek version the scene is laid in Persia, and the monarch's name is Cyrus; in the Hebrew translation the scene, as above, is in India, “in the land of Hind,” or Hodu, as it is most frequently written in the MS., and the king's name is Bibar; in the old Castilian version, the scene is also in India, and the name of the king is Alcos; in the Breslau (Arabic) text, the scene is in China.

² According to *Syntipas*, he had seven wives; the Hebrew translator assigns him eighty, and calls this one Beria. In the old Castilian translation he is said to have had ninety wives.

encourages him to hope, and assures him that if he prayed, his prayers would be answered; but that at all events it was his duty to be resigned to the will of God. "Prayer is the only key that will open the door of difficulty." The king fasted for a whole week, and was assiduous in his devotions.¹ One night he prayed with peculiar earnestness and self-abasement till morning. The companion of his couch was one of his wives, fairer than the sun, and the envy of a perī. He clasped her in his embrace, exclaiming: "There is no strength, no power, save in God!" and he felt assured in his heart that his prayer was granted.

In due time a son is born to him. Eager to testify his gratitude, he bestows munificent gifts, and lavishes his treasures on all. The babe is entrusted to a nurse. The most distinguished astrologers are commanded to cast his nativity. Among their number was one of the most skilful explorers of the heavens, who, upon completing his observations, intimated to the king that his son would be fortunate above other monarchs; but that a danger awaited him, from which, however, it was likely, thanks to his auspicious fortune, that no injury would accrue.² His Majesty is filled with anxiety at this information, but at length becomes resigned to the will of Heaven, and acknowledges that the decrees of destiny cannot be countervailed. When the prince had attained his tenth year, his father the sultan confided him to the care of a learned preceptor. "Base copper has

¹ The Hebrew translation agrees with this version in representing the king as both fasting and praying. In the Arabian version, the king requests his nobles and subjects to pray that God would bless him with a son.— A parallel case is found in the Persian romance of the Four Dervishes (*Kissa-i Chehar Darvīsh*), where King Āzādbakht, having secluded himself through sorrow because he had not a son to succeed him, is advised by his prime vazīr to distribute alms among the poor and needy, and offer up frequent prayers to God— no one ever yet returned hopeless from his threshold.

² In the *Mishlê Sandabar*, after the birth of the prince, the king assembles all the sages, and by his order they select a thousand out of themselves, these select a hundred, and they select seven, who draw the horoscope of the prince, and find that he is threatened with some misfortune when twenty years of age. So, too, in the old Castilian translation, we are told, the king "sent for all the wise men of his kingdom to come to him and examine the hour and the minute of his son's birth;" and having cast the prince's horoscope, they told the king that "he should have long life and great powers, but at the end of twenty years something should happen between him and his father, through which he should be in danger of death." In the Breslau (Arabic) text, the misfortune was to occur "during his youth." This has been suppressed in *Syntipas*, and also in Scott's *Seven Vazīrs*; in the latter, the danger to the prince is foretold to the king's favourite concubine in a vision.

by care been transmuted into gold; and a worthless stone converted to a gem.” That accomplished and erudite professor devoted his whole time to the education of the prince; but all his exertions were unavailing. “However loudly he shouted, that mountain gave back no echo; however much he sowed, in that soil no grain sprang up.” His pupil knew not *ab-u-jadd* (father and grandfather) from *abjad*; could not distinguish *Muhammad* from *Auhad*. When asked how many make thirty, he replied, “ten;” and to the question, What is *night*? he answered, “the moon.” When asked about the *thorn*, he spoke of “fresh dates;” when desired to say *fire*, he said “fuel.” His father was in constant uneasiness about the prince, and made frequent inquiries as to his progress. When he found him, year after year, in the same state of perfect ignorance, his wrath was kindled against the blameless and unhappy preceptor, whom he reproached for the backwardness of his son.

He then called together the philosophers of the city, each of whom was the Aristotle of his age; and after desiring them to be seated, and showing them the most flattering attentions, he detailed to them all the circumstances connected with his son’s history, and the cause of his anxiety. “Wretched,” said he, “is he who digs the mine, or rather, who vexes his own soul; who expects to find gold, and grasps but dust! With vows I implored God to grant me this son; I now repent me that I have asked him. How well said the sailor to the captain of the ship: ‘Leave the concerns of God to God!’ The unleavened mass hath not become leavened; nor hath one spoonful of butter been obtained from ten skins of milk! Tell me,” continued the king, “what expedient shall I adopt to remedy this, and who is the person best qualified to carry it into execution? I have none to succeed me in the kingdom save this son. Deliberate, therefore; and when your counsel is matured, a course of conduct may be founded on it.”

The sages, who were seven in number, bowed the head in token of obedience, and expressed their wishes for his Majesty’s prosperity and happiness. It was then arranged that they should meet for the purpose of discussing the matter together. The learned master, of whom this tale remains as a memorial (says the writer of the poem), thus proceeds: Those experienced sages accordingly one day met in private consultation, and conversed freely on the subject. One of them observed: “O wise men, how can the pulp of colocynth supply the place of sugar? The tree which, when ten years old, has yielded no fruit, the labour of ten years has been entirely thrown away upon it.” Another remarked: “Never can the rose spring from the dry willow: how can the musk-willow bear, as its fruit, the musk-bag?” One of those worthies, who had not his equal, who had no rival among those whom you know (*i.e.*, among the seven), a *buzurjmihir*,¹ experienced

¹ One of great soul.

in affairs, a sage resembling Aristotle— his name Sindibād¹— said, in reply to these observations: “The hawk which has dwelt free and happy in its nest is, nevertheless, subjected to a master; learns from the falconer to soar and seize its prey, and to return when called, and quietly perch on the hand of kings. Why should not the prince, too, be capable of being taught the art of government and the duties of his station? Despair not: everything may be effected by labour and determination. The fortress of the mine must be stormed ere the ruby can be obtained.” The other sages warmly applauded the wisdom of Sindibād, and assured him that they considered him the fittest person to whom the important and difficult charge of the prince’s education could be entrusted. Sindibād replied, that he was not to be moved by their compliments and flattery; that he saw as little advantage likely to result to him from such a course as the monkey derived from the stratagem of the old fox. They requested him to tell them the story, upon which he began:

Story of the Old Fox and the Monkey

ONCE upon a time an old fox was put to great shifts for his subsistence, and resolved to exert all his wits to procure it. After offering up a prayer for success to his endeavours, he set out and ran. When he had advanced some way he saw a fish; he was delighted, and congratulated himself on his good fortune; but, upon reflection, he perceived that the case was one which called for wariness and circumspection; for the place was a dry uncultivated valley, without water, a spot where one sees not a fish, save in his dreams. Neither sea was there nor fishmonger’s shop. Advancing two miles, he met a young monkey, upon seeing whom he felt that he had found the key wherewith to unlock his difficulty. He ran up to him, saluted him, and said: “Well met! The gazelles and the wild asses send you their salutations through me, and beg that you will come to their assistance against the tyranny of the lion, who is never satiated with shedding innocent blood. Come, that we may bestow on you the royal crown. They are waiting for your Majesty farther on the road.” The monkey was deceived by these flattering expressions, and his ambition threw him into the pitfall. “Advance,” said he, “and lead the way.” When they reached the spot and saw the fish, “Yon,” said the fox, “have the first claim to this morsel, for you are my prince and sovereign.” The monkey, blinded by his cupidity, went forward to seize the fish, and was instantly caught in a snare from which he was unable to escape. Upon this, the fox sat

¹ In the Calcutta and Būlāq printed Arabic texts the name of this sage is also Sindibād; in the Syriac, Sindbān, and (once) Sindbādin; in the Greek, Syntipas; in the Hebrew, Sandabar; and in the old Spanish version, Cendubete.

down quietly to eat the fish. “What means this?” inquired the monkey. “From whose table is this dainty?” “The poor,” replied the fox, “cannot afford, to flee from bread. Fetters and imprisonment befit the dignity of kings: make not, O sage, your mind uneasy.”

The philosophers were loud in their praises of Sindibād on his concluding this tale, and compared him to the sun, and themselves to the motes in the sunbeam. “If I am not wiser than yourselves,” replied he, “I am at least not inferior to you in wisdom. Your case and my own, in this respect, reminds me of the camel, the wolf, the fox, and the pumpkin.” They requested to hear the story, and Sindibād related it as follows:

Story of the Camel, the Wolf, the Fox, and the Pumpkin

AN old wolf and a fox, intimate friends, were once travelling together. A short way before them they saw a camel, who joined then, and the three together took the road to the village of the camels. Their only provision for the journey consisted of a pumpkin. They travelled on for a long time, up hill and down dale, till, exhausted by the heat of the road, their eyes became black with thirst. At length they reached a pond full of water, and sat down on its brink. The pumpkin was produced, and after some discussion, it was agreed that this prize should belong to him who was the eldest among them.

First the wolf began: “Indian, Tajik, and Turk, know, that my mother bore me one week before God had created heaven and earth, time and space; consequently, I have the best right to this pumpkin.”

“Yes,” said the old and crafty fox, “I have nothing to object to this account; for on the night your mother bore you, I was standing by in attendance. That morning it was I that lit the taper, and I burned beside your pillow like a morning taper.”

When the camel had heard their speeches to an end, he stalked forward, and, bending down his neck, snapped up the pumpkin, observing: “It is impossible to conceal a thing so manifest as this— that with such a neck, and haunches, and back as mine, it was neither yesterday nor last night that my mother bore me.”^[1]¹

The sages again expressed their admiration of the wisdom of Sindibād, and all agreed that he alone was competent to undertake the difficult task. Repairing into the presence of the king, they acknowledged that they were but babes in

¹ The figures within brackets refer to notes in [Appendix](#).

wisdom compared with Sindibād; upon which his Majesty, addressing the philosopher, begged him to undertake the management and education of the prince. Sindibād consented, expressing his hope and confidence that his efforts would be successful. He accordingly applied himself with zeal to the education of the prince, but all his efforts were fruitless; all his instructions were like writing upon water. The king, hearing of this, was much concerned. Never does a parent wish ill to his child, but, on the contrary, desires that he may be better than himself. In anger he said to Sindibād: “All your boasted care and exertion have proved but wind; your promises were but the sound of the bell and the drum. Does not even the wild beast, which cannot be taken in the net, become tame at last by persevering efforts? Had due diligence been bestowed upon my son, the rust would have been effaced from the mirror of his mind.”¹ “Sire,” replied Sindibād, “I have made every exertion, and tried every art; but when fate seconds not our efforts, we are not to blame.” Then, kissing the foot of the throne, he observed: “The situation of myself and the young prince resembles that of the King of Kashmir with the elephant and the elephant-keeper.” The king desiring to hear the story, Sindibād related it as follows:

Story of the King of Kashmir and the Elephant.

IN the time of the Masters of the Elephant,² there reigned over Kashmīr a wise and prudent king, who had conquered the whole kingdom of Hindūstān, from Serendil (Ceylon)³ to Rūm and Syria, and to whom were subject all the princes of the world. This sovereign had collected elephants instead of steeds, and in greater numbers than fleas or ants. A certain prince once sent to his court a wild elephant of prodigious size and impetuosity. The king desired the elephant-keeper to tame

¹ Metallic mirrors, such as were used by the ancients, are here alluded to. Thus a Persian poet says: “Many have been melted down in this crucible: when have they made a mirror of every [kind of] iron?”

² The miraculous defeat of the host of Abraha, on its approach to Mecca for the purpose of destroying the Ka’ba, occurred in the same year in which Muhammad was born. Abraha and his army are alluded to in the Qur’ān, under the title of Lords, or Masters, of the Elephant, from their bringing with them, according to some, thirteen elephants, which they had obtained from the King of Ethiopia. Others mention but one. See [Sale’s Koran, ch. 105, and note.](#)— F.

³ Serendil, or, as it is commonly and more correctly written, Serendib, being apparently derived from the Sanskrit *Sinhadvīpa*, Lion Island.— F.

him, promising him ample rewards when he had succeeded. After the labour and constant care of three years, the skilful man had not only subdued his ferocity, but made him pliable as wax. He, therefore, brought him to the appointed place, and exhibited him to the king, who was satisfied with his success; and the royal litter being adjusted, his Majesty seated himself in it, by way of trial. No sooner had he mounted, than, like a demon that leaps from a bottle¹— like a lion rushing from a thicket— the elephant darted off with the monarch, and flew with the speed of lightning over hill and dale. The prince, with no guide to control or govern the animal, abandoned all hope of life, and all expectation that “the elephant would think again of Hindustan.”² Raising his hands to heaven, he prayed for deliverance. When the divine mandate issues forth, elephant and ant are alike impotent to resist it. Tired with the long journey (for it was now evening), and having eaten nothing, the elephant turned and took his way homeward. When he reached his stable, he stooped down, and the prince dismounted unhurt. Enraged with the keeper, he ordered him to be trodden like the ant under the feet of the elephant. Fettered and manacled, he was thrown under the furious animal. Finding himself in this situation, he thus reflected: “The prey that is entangled in the net struggles whether it will or not; and it is never too late to hope for

¹ Falconer remarks that this recalls the legend of the Bottle Imp; and cites, in the original Persian, a couplet from another part of the text, which may be thus rendered:

“By predominant might he put the demon in the bottle;
The genii howled and whined on account of him.”

This is probably in allusion to the Muslim legend of Solomon’s feat of enclosing the demon Sakhr in a copper vessel, scaling it with his magical signet, and casting it into the Lake of Tiberias, where Sakhr is to remain until the day of judgment. According to other legends, Solomon treated all the rebellious genii in like manner. The story of the [Fisherman and the Genie](#) (*Jinnī*) must be familiar to all readers of the *Arabian Nights*. This notion of demons being confined in bottles is also prevalent in China. See Mr. Giles’ *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, [vol. i, p. 81](#). The leading idea of *Le Diable Boiteux* was suggested to Le Sage by that of the Spanish novel *El Diable Cojuelo*, in which a student accidentally enters the house of a conjuror, and delivers a demon from a glass bottle where he had been imprisoned.

² Compare this passage with the following one from Hāfiz, which it illustrates: “Either take note of the customs of the elephant-keeper, or do not bring India into the memory of the elephant;” and with another, from Mir Razi, quoted by the author of the *‘Atishkada*: “Take hold of my chain, O friends! for my elephant brings to mind India.” The allusion seems to have become proverbial.

deliverance.” He implored the king to forgive one whose hair had grown gray in the service; but he refused. Long he continued to entreat forgiveness, but the king was still inexorable. At length, again repairing into the presence of his Majesty, he renewed his entreaties. “I taught the elephant,” said he, “whatever was proper; but, as fortune favoured me not, it was of no avail. If the king will spare my life, I will give proof of my assertion.” When his Majesty heard this, and beheld the poor man’s orphan children at his feet, he ordered him to be unfettered. The keeper then proved the perfect tameness of the animal by giving it orders to perform a variety of feats, all which it executed. Then addressing the king, he said: “I have taught this animal to perform with its various members the whole of the feats which are practised; but what avails it when his heart, which is the sultan of the body,¹ listens not to my orders?”

”In short,” observed Sindibād, “what occurred to the elephant-keeper arose from certain evil aspects in his horoscope, and from no fault of his. Thus, O king,” continued the sage, “I have examined the horoscope of the prince, and find that all that was evil in it is past; he will henceforward be prosperous. I will now proceed to teach him all I know, to shower upon him all the learning that I have amassed. When six months shall have elapsed from this date, I will have imparted to him the fruit of thirty years’ study.”² The ministers and courtiers of the king were amazed at such language, and considered his words as an empty boast. “Attempt it not,” said one of them: “seeing that your six years’ labour has been fruitless, how can this be accomplished in six months?” Another courtier said: “Seeing he learned nothing in his childhood, how can he become a master when he is grown up?”

¹ So in the *Khātima* to the *Rausatu-‘s-Sufa*, the author, in stating that the Khataians place those whom they wish to honour on the left hand, assigns this reason: “Because the heart, which is the sultan of the city of the body, has its mansion on that side. — F.

² In the Greek text the sage says: “Having educated him for six months, I will so fill him with all philosophy that none shall be found more learned than he.” In the Syriac text the period is “six months and two hours.” In the Hebrew version: “I will teach the son of the king in six months so that there shall not be found the like of him in all the land of Hodu [or Hind].” In the old Spanish translation: “I will so teach him in six months that no one shall have more knowledge than he;” and in reply to one of the other sages, who blamed him for his rashness: “Thou shalt see, if God will and I live, that I will teach him in six months what another would not teach him in seventy years.” In Scott’s version the stipulated period is two years;— this part of the story is much abridged in the other Arabic texts.

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There is here a deficiency in the manuscript, viz., after fol. 25, probably of one leaf; and two leaves that ought to follow are misplaced and incorrectly numbered fols. 14 and 15.

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The king, now satisfied that Sindibād had not been wanting in his exertions, continues him in his office of preceptor to the prince. Sindibād accordingly resumes his instructions. At fol. 14 the author is describing the philosopher's preparations for his lectures; the beginning of the chapter is wanting. Sindibād caused the walls of a lofty palace to be covered over with plaster, so smooth as to have the appearance of a mirror. On one compartment were delineated the signs of the zodiac, with the divisions into degrees and minutes; the fixed stars; the planets, with their courses. On another compartment he drew a map of the world, and represented the noxious and salutary qualities of things, of which some are the cause of disease and others the cure. On a third compartment were inscribed the principles of commerce, religion, and morality; and one's duties towards his superiors and equals. On a fourth were exhibited the principles of music and melody, and the distinctions of the musical modes. On a fifth, the rules of justice, the ceremonial of princely dignity, and the forms of equity.¹ When the whole was completed, Sindibād thus addressed his pupil: "Prince, the time for application has now arrived; be diligent; it is no time for slumber. The virtues that adorn kings come not by inheritance; they must be acquired." The prince listened with attention to the instructions of his master. Much did he study; many a bitter cup of poison did he drink. His mind, clear as a mirror, reflected the knowledge depicted on the walls. His progress was rapid, and in a short time he became deeply learned.

When the appointed period was completed, Sindibād said to his pupil: "Praise be to the Lord and Creator of the world, that, through his grace, I shall not be put to shame before men! When, to-morrow, I take you before the sultan, you will see how they will bite their nails."² Rest assured of this, that of all your equals in age not one will be a match for you." Sindibād then during the night took an

¹ "He built for the son of the king a spacious new house, and embellishing the inside of the house, he narrated on the walls of the house as much as he intended teaching the boy."— *Syntipas*.

² Biting the nails, or fingers, is a very common mode in the East of exhibiting anger, grief, or astonishment.

observation to ascertain the destiny of the prince, and found that an intricate snare threatened his pupil. He was confounded and perplexed by this new difficulty.¹ But it is vain to contend against destiny: when it descends, the eye becomes blind. “Be not cast down,” said he to the prince, “at the caprice of fortune, but to-morrow, when you appear before the king, whatever questions you may be asked, answer nothing. Bear up for this week; the next, your affairs will become prosperous. If but a word escape your lips, your life and head will be endangered. Lo! I hasten to conceal myself, and no one shall see me for one week, for my life is in peril.”² I will wait to see whether the two dice of heaven will turn up three sixes or three aces.”

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The whole of the next chapter is wanting in the manuscript, but the title of it is given at the end of fol. 15, as follows: “The king sits in state, and sends for the prince and Sindibād, but the latter is nowhere to be found. His Majesty questions the prince, who makes no reply.” The title and commencement of the next chapter are also wanting. At fol. 26 the poem proceeds:

A peri-faced moon³ (one of the wives of his Majesty), fair as a hūrī⁴ of Paradise, was secretly enamoured of the prince, but had hitherto found no opportunity of meeting him alone, or of telling him her love. Upon hearing the account of his resolute silence when questioned, she said to herself: “Every occasion has its fitting language;” and repairing to the king, she asked his

¹ “The philosopher then, having learned from astrological inquiry, was confounded.”— *Syntipas*.

² “Therefore from to-morrow I shall conceal myself,” &c.— *Syntipas*.— “Said Sandabar to the king’s son: ‘Behold, I have sent to thy father to announce that thou shalt go to him to-morrow, and I have not observed thy constellation.’ And Sandabar observed the stars, and saw that if the son of the king should open his mouth within seven days, he should instantly be slain; and Sandabar trembled.”— *Mishlé Sandabar*.

³ Perīs are good genii, or fairies, of both sexes, though the term is generally applied to females. Amongst us the phrase “moon-faced” is the opposite of complimentary; in Oriental poetry, however, it is the favourite similitude in describing a beautiful girl or boy; and our own poets Spencer and Shakspeare have made use of the same comparison.

⁴ Hūrīs (or houris) are the black-eyed beauties promised in the Qur’ān as the companions of the faithful in Paradise.

permission to take the prince to the harem, under pretence of endeavouring to extort from him the secret of his silence. This was granted. But with her also the prince was dumb. At length she declares her passion for him, and offers to put him in possession of the kingdom in return for his confidence. Upon this the prince, forgetting in his surprise his promise to Sindibād, breaks silence by asking her how this was to be done. "Easily," replied she; "by one drop of poison which I will administer to the king." Horror-struck at the idea of such a crime, the prince, after earnestly reprobating it, quits the apartment.

The damsel is alarmed when she reflects on the danger of her situation should the prince reveal the treachery which she had proposed, when the seven days shall have passed, and he shall break silence.¹ Full of these apprehensions, she rushed from her apartment into the presence of the king, and, in affected agitation, called loudly for his protection. In answer to his inquiries as to the cause of her alarm, she replied: "My reputation is scattered to the winds! No sooner had I conducted the prince into the harem than he began to say: 'The reason of my silence is, that my heart is ensnared in your tresses, and my soul slain by the curve of your eyebrows. Now that fortune has put it in my power, I entreat you to lend me your assistance. I have a secret to impart to you. I mean to seize upon the kingdom. The leaders of the troops are already secured in my favour. You can effectually aid me in my purpose by administering poison to my father.'"

To this false accusation the king gives credit; and, believing that the prince thirsted for his blood, commands that he should be ignominiously put to death. The executioner is ordered to behead him. Meanwhile, the *vazīrs*,² who were met together in council, on hearing this inconsiderate sentence, were greatly concerned. The eldest addresses them on the necessity of warning his Majesty of the danger of precipitation, and of the folly of trusting to the testimony of women; giving it as his conviction that the charge, if inquired into, would be found to be false, and that the innocence of the prince would be ultimately established. Another of the *vazīrs* was of opinion that, as they had not been consulted on the subject, it was unnecessary for them to interfere, and that silence was their safest

¹ The prince must therefore have informed the damsel of his seven days' silence, and the fact was probably omitted by the copyist. In the Greek, Hebrew, and Castilian versions he says to her: "When seven days are passed I shall be able to give thee the answer that thou deservest," and there can be no doubt that this was in the original text of the *Sindibād*. In Scott's *Seven Vasīrs*, the prince is represented as *mentally* addressing the damsel in these terms—an "improvement" of the translator or transcriber.

² These *vazīrs* should not be confounded with the seven wise men (see p. n), one of whom is Sindibād.

course. To this argument the eldest vazīr replied, that if they neglected to listen to his advice, the same thing might happen to them at last as befell the monkeys. The vazīrs requesting to hear what that was, he thus related:

*Story of the King of the Monkeys.*¹

WHEN you have quitted Nihāwand, going out by the Lion's Gate, there lies beyond it a village called Būzīna-Gard,² the neighbourhood of which is thickly inhabited by monkeys. There, amid the trees laden with fruit, and by a running stream, the monkeys used to congregate. The surrounding forest was full of them; and there reigned over them a sage monarch, named Rūz-i-bih,³ who, in magnanimity and generosity, was no monkey, but a lion, and who, although aged, had all the vigour of youth. His cheek like the ruddy rose, his beard white; he was ever fresh and gay, like the red willow. Much had he experienced of the world's red and white; much of its hot and cold. His subjects were all obedient and loyal, secure and happy. Their granaries were well stored with figs and walnuts; and they had herds of goats browsing in the forest— a paradise rather,— the model of the Garden of Iram⁴— a place where pleasure was rife and pain unknown! In the forest was a mountain as high as Alwand.⁵ Thither this king having on one occasion gone to

¹ This tale, related by the chief vazīr, and the three, told by Sindibād, pp. [13](#), [15](#), and [17](#), are not found in *Syntipas*, or any other version.

² Monkey Town.

³ Whose day is good, or excellent.

⁴ A fabulous earthly paradise, designed, according to Muslim legend, by an impious king of El-Yaman (Arabia Felix), named Shaddād, as a rival to that of the spiritual world. The palace was constructed of gold and silver bricks in alternate courses, the walls set with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other gems; in the garden were trees of gold and silver, besides others bearing the most delicious fruits. After five hundred years this paradise was completed, and Shaddād, with a numerous retinue, in the utmost pomp and splendour, marched from his capital towards it. As he was about to enter the gates, the Angel of Death appeared before him, and seized upon his impure soul; and instantly the lightnings consumed all his attendants, and the Rose-Garden of Iram sank into the earth, and became hidden from the sight of men.

⁵ A mountain in Persia, once, if not still, popularly believed to be sixteen miles in height!

hunt, and looking towards the town and market which were on it, he saw, at the corner of a street, a goat constantly butting at an old woman. Calling to him the leaders of his army, he desired them to look in that direction, and observe what was going on. The king was himself of opinion that, as the flocks were all his own subjects, it was his duty to interfere; but the general of the army thought the matter too trifling to be noticed. The dispute waxed high, and, as the officers of the army sided with their general, the monarch abdicated, and withdrew to another country, and they chose a new king.

The goat still continued its practice of butting at the old woman; and one day that she had been to ask fire from a neighbour, the goat struck her so violently with his horns when she was off her guard as to draw blood. Enraged at this, she applied the fire which she held to the goat's fleece, which kindled, and the animal ran to the stables of the elephant-keeper, and rubbed his sides against the reeds and willows. They caught fire, which the wind soon spread, and the head and face of the warlike elephants were scorched. When the news reached the sovereign to whom the elephants belonged, he sent for the chief-keeper, and asked him what was best to be done for the cure of the elephants. "I have heard one skilled in such matters affirm," replied he, "on the authority of an ancient leech, that when elephants are scorched, the best remedy is the fat of monkeys rubbed gently over them with the hand." Upon this the king gave orders that horsemen should go forth and scour the whole forest, hunting down every animal they should find of the monkey tribe. Accordingly, an innumerable band issued forth, searching mountain and forest; and the general of the monkeys was made prisoner. He inquired: "Whose are these troops, and why is this night attack and slaughter of our race?" He was told the circumstances in detail, and he then recollected, but too late, the words of his sage and foreseeing monarch.

When the eldest vazīr had ended, all the others applauded him, and acknowledged the wisdom of his counsel. It was therefore agreed that every morning one of their number should repair into the presence of the king, and relate tales illustrative of the craft and deceitfulness of women, in the hope that when one week had thus passed the fortunes of the prince would have become prosperous.

Accordingly, the First Vazīr, after having gone to the executioner and desired him to delay till further orders, waited upon his Majesty, and after humble prostration, complimented him on his justice, but warned him of the cunning of women, and cautioned him to avoid precipitation. "The word," said he, "which has once escaped the lips, the arrow which has once left the bow, have ceased to be under your control.¹ Perhaps you may one day repent your rashness, and grieve

¹ Thus Sa'di: "When thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it; when thou hast uttered it, it has laid its hand upon thee;" and again: "You

for what you have done, like the foolish man who slew his parrot without a crime.” The king desired him to relate the story, and he began:

Story of the Confectioner, his Wife, and the Parrot.

THERE once lived in Egypt a confectioner, who had a very beautiful wife, and a parrot¹ that performed, as occasion required, the office of watchman, guard, policeman, bell, or spy, and flapped his wings did he but hear a fly buzzing about the sugar. This parrot was a great annoyance to the wife, always telling the suspicious husband what took place in his absence. One evening, before going out to visit a friend, the confectioner gave the parrot strict injunctions to watch all night, and desired his wife to make all fast, as he should not return till morning. No sooner had he left, than the woman went for her old lover, who returned with her, and they passed the night together in mirth and feasting, while the parrot observed all. In the morning the lover departed, and the husband, returning, was informed by the parrot of what had taken place; upon which he hastened to his wife’s apartment, and beat her soundly. She thought to herself, who could have informed against her, and asked a woman who was in her confidence whether it was she. The woman protested, “by what is hidden and what is open,”² that she had not betrayed her; but informed her that in the morning, upon his return, the husband stood some time before the cage, and listened to the talking of the parrot. When the wife heard this, she resolved to plot the destruction of the bird.

Some days after, the husband was again invited to the house of a friend, where he was to pass the night. Before departing, he gave the parrot the same injunctions as before. His heart was free from care, for he had his spy at home. The wife and her confidante then planned how they might destroy the credit of the

may easily separate the soul from the body, but you cannot so readily restore life to the dead; it is a maxim of prudence to be cautious in giving the arrow flight, for let it once quit the bow, and it can never be recalled.” So, too, in the *Dictes*, or *Sayings of Philosophers*, printed by Caxton in 1477, one of the “thre Wysemen” who “cam byfore a King,” is represented as saying: “I am mayster of my wordes, or it be pronounced; but when it is spoken, I am servaunt thereto.” And in the preface to *Kalila and Dimna* (the Arabian version of the work known in Europe as the Fables of Pilpay) precisely the same “saying” is found: “I am the slave of what I have spoken, but the master of what I conceal.”

¹ The Hebrew translator has borrowed the Italian name *pappagallo*, which he writes most frequently *papēgāah*, once *papāgāah*, and once *papēgāl*.

² “The female slave swore strongly.”— *Syntipas*.

parrot with its master. For this purpose, they resolved to counterfeit a storm, which they effected by means of a hand-mill, placed over the parrot's head, which the lover worked, by a rush of water, by blowing a bellows, and by suddenly uncovering a taper hid under a dish. Thus did they raise such a tempest of rain and lightning, that the parrot was drenched and immersed in a deluge. Now rolled the thunder— now flashed the lightning— the one from the noise of the hand-mill, the other from the reflection of the taper. "Surely," thought the parrot to itself, "the deluge has come on, and such a one as perhaps Noah never witnessed." So saying, he buried his head under his wing, a prey to terror. The husband, on his return, hastened to the parrot, to inquire what had happened during his absence. The bird replied, that he found it impossible to convey an idea of the deluge and tempest of last night; that it would take years to describe the uproar of the hurricane and storm. When the shopkeeper heard the parrot talk of last night's deluge, he said: "Surely, O bird, you are gone mad. Where was there— even in a dream— rain or lightning last night? You have utterly ruined my house and ancient family. My wife is the most virtuous woman of the age, and all your accusations of her are false." In anger, he dashed the cage upon the ground, tore off the parrot's head, and threw it from the window. Presently, his friend, coming to call upon him, saw the parrot in this condition, with head torn off, and without wings or plumage. Being informed of the circumstances, he suspected some trick on the part of the wife, and said to the husband: "When your wife leaves home to go to the bath, compel her confidante to disclose the secret." As soon, therefore, as his wife went out, the husband entered his harem, and insisted on the woman telling him the truth. She detailed the whole story, and the husband now bitterly repented having killed the parrot, of whose innocence he had proof.¹

¹ In *Syntipas*, the husband is not undeceived, but ceases to have faith in the parrot. In the Hebrew version, "he slew the parrot, and sent to bring his wife, and gave her presents." In the Arabic, he kills the parrot, and afterwards discovering that his wife is guilty, in Scott's version, he divorces her, but in the Calcutta, Būlāq, and Breslau texts, he kills both the woman and her paramour. In the Syriac and Castilian, as in the Hebrew, he kills the parrot and is reconciled to his wife. The conclusion of the story as found in the Turkish *Forty Vazīrs* agrees with that in *Syntipas*.— In the *Seven Wise Masters*, the old English prose translation of the *Historia Septan Sapientum Romæ*, where the tale is related of a burgess and his magpie (or pye), the husband says to the bird: "Thou liest; thou hast said unto me, that in the same night was hail, and snow, and rain, that thou hast near hand lost thy life, which is most false. And therefore from henceforth thou shalt make no more leasings nor discord betwixt me and my wife," and so took the pye and broke her neck. But in the metrical version (Auchinleck MS.— the oldest English text extant) analysed by Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, the burgess, after

“I will now,” continued the vazīr, “relate to your Majesty a still pleasanter tale to the same purpose, illustrating the craft of women.” The king expressed a wish to hear it, and the vazīr proceeded:

*Story of the Officer and his Mistress, his Servant, and the
Woman’s Husband.*¹

IN the kingdom of Balqīs² and city of Sapā, there lived a tailor, of whose wife a young officer became enamoured. When the tailor was from home, the officer sent his servant with a message to the wife. The slave, being a handsome youth, found favour with her, and stayed so long, that the officer’s patience being exhausted, he proceeded himself to the house. Aware of his approach, the woman concealed the slave in an inner apartment. While the officer was with her, the husband was heard knocking at the door. The woman, afraid to hide the officer in the other apartment, lest he should discover his slave there, devised the following escape from her difficulty. She desired her lover to draw his sword, feign to be in a violent passion with her, and, abusing her in opprobrious terms, to rush out of the house past her husband, without saying a word to him. The officer having done so, and the husband entering, the wife hastens to his embrace. “Be thankful,” cried she, “that we are delivered from such a calamity! This morning, a lad rushed in here, trembling like a reed, and entreating me to save his life. I concealed him in that apartment. That furious man, whom you saw, burst in upon me, and asked, ‘Where is the boy, my slave?’ I replied that he was not here, and that I had not seen him; upon which he darted away in a passion. Enter the closet, and quiet the

killing the bird, discovers the trick that had been practised upon it, and thrusts his wife out of the house.— The story is also found in John of Capua’s *Directorinm Humanæ Vitæ*, the *Discorsi degli Animalì*, and the *Giorni* of Sansovina. — See Appendix, [No. 3](#).

¹ The MS. has the commencement of the story, but wants a leaf, viz., fol. 41, in the middle of it.— F.

² Balqīs, the name of the celebrated Queen of Sheba (Sapā) who visited Solomon, according to the Arabs; she is the 24th in Pocock’s list of the sovereigns of Yaman: our author has given her name to the whole province. The city of Sapā (or Sabā) was built by Sabā, the ancestor of the Sabœans, or Himyarites, and was destroyed by the bursting of a great reservoir of water in ancient times.

lad's fears. He is an orphan, and without relations." The simple husband did so, and having soothed and consoled the lad, sent him away with good wishes. [4]

"I have related this tale," added the vazlr, "to show the cunning of women: believe not their words. I will vouch for the prince's innocence with my life." The king reflected for a while, and then, remanding the youth to prison, retired to his private apartment.

Next morning, the Damsel, hearing of the impression which had been made upon his Majesty by the eloquence of one of his vazīrs, and how her plans were thus overthrown, again presented herself, and, complaining loudly of her wrongs, implored justice. She reminded his Majesty of a day of retribution; accused him of protecting one who had looked on his harem with an eye of sin; denounced the vazīr as corrupt and a receiver of bribes; and as bent upon bestowing the sovereignty on the prince by the death of his master. "If," said she, "your Majesty will not listen to my advice, the same thing will happen to you which happened to the washerman through his son." "Relate it," said the king; and she began:

Story of the Washerwoman and his Son, who were Drowned in the Nile.

I HAVE heard from an Ethiop washerwoman, who learned it from her husband, that there once lived in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, a washerman, by name Noah, who was— like an atom— all day in the sun, and— like a fish— all the year round in the water: who would have washed with his soap the blackness from an Ethiop. This man had a darling son, who was headstrong, good-for-nothing, and foolish; and who, as soon as he saw his father in the water, would seat himself on his father's ass, and drive it into the river. The father was in constant terror lest the boy should fall into the water and be drowned, or lest a crocodile should seize him. One day, the boy, as usual, mounted the ass, and rode with such fury into the river, that at once the water reached his head. At one moment he was— like an oyster— underwater; the next— like a bubble— on its surface. As soon as the father learned that his son was drowning, he rushed into the water, in the hope of saving him, and caught him by the hand. The lad grasped at his father, and seized him by the hair. Both sank, and were drowned together. [5]

The king, reflecting upon this tale, changes his purpose, and orders the executioner to do his duty.

The Second Vazlr now sends a message to the executioner, desiring him to delay the execution for a short time; he then hastens into the presence of the king,

and, after obeisance made, breaks out into invectives against women, and concludes by saying: "If your Majesty listens to the wiles of women, you will repent it, as the partridge did of killing his mate." The king desired to hear the tale, and the vazīr said:

Story of the Two Partridges.

ONCE upon a time two partridges dwelt together in the closest intimacy— like two souls in one body, or like two bodies in one shirt; and between them was neither duality nor separation. In their vicinity lived a hawk, that from morning to night preyed on young partridges, and that occasioned the male bird constant apprehension, for he was a troublesome and meddlesome neighbour. When you buy a house anywhere, first take care to examine well its neighbourhood. This hawk was ever on the watch, and never allowed a young bird to escape, while the parents were in continual terror, and scarcely ventured to thrust their heads out of the nest. One night the male partridge proposed to his wedded partner that they should leave their home, saying: "I will go to the confines of Ray to escape the oppression of this bird of evil omen. There will I provide a home, and collect corn and grain. I have there two relations, who are my friends. Do thou, too, follow me thither, for this is no home, but a prison— a net." His mate shed tears, while he continued: "Follow after me to those friends; for no one would, for the sake of his own ease, expose his family to destruction."

While they were thus conversing, the hoopoe paid them an unexpected visit. "What has happened," inquired he; "and why is the goodwife weeping?" They detailed to him their circumstances, the annoyance occasioned by their neighbour, and their resolution of removing. The hoopoe observed: "In Ray there prevails a pestilence; it is the abode of plague, of misery, and woe. I have visited the most distant confines of the earth, and have seen something of every country you can mention. Do not imagine that there is in the whole earth a spot of security and peace like Shīrāz— whose very rubbish and thorns are pleasanter than roses; whose every pebble is a ruby, and whose dust is gold! Musalla,¹ with the stream of Ruknābād flowing through it, is a paradise, with Kauthar² in the midst. Sweet,

¹ A pleasure-garden near Shīrāz, where Hāf iz is buried.

² A river of Paradise, according to Eastern poets.

too, is the air of its Ja'farābād,¹ whose breezes perform the work of the Messiah.² In the environs of that amber-scented city³ there is a pleasure-ground like Paradise, in which is a delightful fountain, resembling the Fountain of Life. There partridges are abundant, hence it is called the Fountain of Partridges. Beyond it is another fountain, which you might suppose to be that of Kauthar. In that quarter a single ear of corn yields two stacks. A cousin of mine is the shaykh of the district. Still further on is the City of the Peacock, where you might stop a few days."

When the partridge heard this, he smiled, and said to the hoopoe: "O bird, full of understanding! in this desert of grief you are the Khizar⁴ of my path; well have you spoken, and you are indeed my friend!" Then embracing him closely, he bade him adieu, and set out on his journey, accompanied by his spouse. The delighted partridge ceased not smiling with joy at his escape from his bad neighbour. He ate not— drank not— but travelled on from morn to night from even till morn. Thus he proceeded till he reached the place of security, and beheld from the top of a mountain the Stream of Birds. Then did his mate exclaim to him: "Gratitude and praise! thanks without bound or limit! It is indeed a blessed abode— a charming spot! In this delightful retreat they fixed their habitation, and sorrow had now given place to happiness. The joy of youth— the season of

¹ A suburb of Shīrāz, famous for its gardens and villas.

² Muslims believe that the breath of the Messiah had the virtue of restoring the dead to life. In the Persian romance of the Four Dervishes a very skilful physician is named 'Isa (Jesus) in allusion to this notion.

³ Hāfiz, in one of his beautiful *gazals*, exclaims (according to Mr. S. Robinson's translation:

"Hail Shīrāz! incomparable site ! O Lord, preserve it from every disaster!

"God forbid a hundred times that our Ruknābād be doomed, to which the life of Khizar hath given its brightness!

"For between Ja'frābād and Mosella cometh the north wind perfumed with amber."

⁴ According to the Eastern legend, Khizar was despatched by an ancient Persian king to procure him some of the Water of Life. After a tedious journey, he reached the Fountain of Immortality, and having drank of its waters, they suddenly vanished. It is believed that Khizar still lives, and occasionally appears to favoured individuals, always clothed in green, and acts as their guide in difficult adventures— hence the allusion as above.— Khizar is often confounded with Moses, Elias, and even St. George. The name Khizar signifies *green*.

spring—an affectionate mistress, and the margin of a stream; this is the new-wine of life and more needs nothappy he who has this within his reach!

The happy day on which the pair arrived at that spot was the night of the middle of the month Āzar (*i.e.* vernal month). On every bush roses were blowing; on every branch a nightingale was plaintively warbling. The tall cypress was dancing in the garden; and the poplar never ceased clapping its hands with joy! With loud voice, from the top of every bough of the willow, the turtle-dove was proclaiming the glad advent of spring! The diadem of the narcissus shone with such splendour, that you would have said it was the crown of the emperor of China! On this side, the north wind, on that, the west were, in token of affection, scattering dirhams at the feet of the rose. The earth was musk-scented; the air musk-laden!¹

Two affectionate and loving friends find themselves at home wherever they go. The relations of the male partridge and the neighbours heard of his arrival, and hastened to visit him. One kissed his face, another brushed from his plumage the dust of the journey. Such affection did they conceive for each other, that they were never apart: all day, wandering about desert and country; all the year, roaming joyously without a care. I need not say that no cultivated fields or houses were there; that there was no night attack, or plunder, or ravaging; for not even a land-measurer passed that way; no burner of (the herb) alkali came there to give any one a headache. As the father did not wrong the son, the son sought not to take his father's life. As the daughter used not violence towards her mother, brother did not deprive brother of eyesight. Happy that time, those days, that age! when none had a quarrel with his neighbour. The world being then free from the ills of strife, the eye of the arrow saw not the face of the bow.

Thus passed some years over them, during which care or grief visited them not. But triumph not, O friend, in prosperity; still look forward to the evening and the night of grief. Bid the young think of the sorrows of age; let the aged reflect on the sufferings of death. There chanced to come on such a year of drought, that it was impossible to procure a drop of water from the fountains, and a hundred ears of corn yielded not a single grain. Locusts drank from the cup of every one. Not merely the store of the poor was exhausted, but even the granary of kings was empty. People went to Egypt and to Syria to procure corn, as in the time of Joseph (on whom be peace!). When the eye of the partridge awoke from sleep, he found himself destitute of provision. His mate said: "It matters not; let us practise devotion, and be satisfied with what little there may be. It is better to be content

¹ "There is, I believe," says Dr Johnson, "scarce any poet of eminence who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring; nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence."

with barley-bread than to carry one's request before the king." The male partridge replied: "You pass your days in difficulty; yet sorrow not, for grief as well as joy will pass away. Six days' journey off is the City of the Peacock; there, perhaps, corn may be procured. I have there a friend, by name Durrāj,¹ from whom I can borrow something." He thus spoke, and, embracing his mate, went forth, and took the way of the mountains.

The male partridge departed; the female remained behind, and sang her sad songs. The master is the stay of the house; when he leaves it, it falls. He was absent about five months, for he loitered long upon the road. When winter came, and the cloud rained camphor from the sky, and ice closed fast the eye of the fountain, suddenly the male partridge returned from his journey, and entered to take his spouse to his bosom. He beheld her changed; her neck slender, her body swollen. When he saw her thus apparently pregnant, all his affection for her was at an end. "I see," said he, "that I have involved myself in calamity. I have left a giddy wife at home! Fine housekeeping this! A rare husband I! In my absence you were about your own affairs; tell me from whose granary is this grain?" His mate vowed by 'Isa and by Maryam² that he suspected her wrongfully. "No one has seen my face since you left; no one has beheld a feather of me. You are my only treasure in life; you are father, relation, every tie of my soul." The enraged husband, however, gave her no credit, but tore off the head of his helpless mate. With her blood they wrote on her tomb: "Shed not innocent blood; if you wish not your own disgrace, do it not! He acts wisely who acts with reflection." The partridge repented of what he had done, and that he had acted on mere suspicion. "Where," said he, "can I meet with a companion like her?— one who was ever contented and accordant, and who bore patiently with my reproaches!"

The birds of that quarter, hearing of his return, waited on him to congratulate him on his arrival. When they saw his wretched mate weltering in her blood, their hearts burned with compassion for her. One asked: "Why have you slain your mate? No one entered this house. I will answer for it that this poor wretch had no crime." The husband told the whole story with tears. They assured him with one voice that he had acted precipitately; that he was mistaken grievously; that in that city a disease had been raging for some time, by which the crop was swollen; but that a certain grass was a cure for it. "Why," said they, "did you not tell your case to any one?" The male bird was distracted at hearing this, and reproached himself bitterly. He lit up a fire, and burnt his house and home. He procured poison, which he took, and died. If he deprived another of life, he saved not his own! [6]

¹ Durrāj is not a proper name, but the Persian name of the francolin, a species of partridge.

² Jesus and Mary.

“Hence,” remarks the vazīr, “your Majesty may see the danger of precipitation.” He then relates, in further illustration of the cunning of women, the

*Story of the Old Man who sent his Young Wife to the Market
to buy Rice.*¹

[THERE was a righteous man in Qandahar, simple and pure of heart, upright, gracious, and exceeding clement. In origin and race he was the leader of men. He was very God-fearing and abstemious; at times standing all night at prayer, and at times fasting. He had a wife, fair-spoken and sweet of speech, who would have carried off the palm amongst a hundred marvels of beauty. She was very young; the good-man was very old: I will not say she was without plans and resources. When the good-man is old, and the wife young, what sayest thou, and seest thou, then, O youth? The youthful wife loved the youthful.

One day the old man took a piece of gold out of his purse, gave it to the woman, and said: “Buy some husked rice² with this.” Having adorned her person with Chinese brocade, she went out veiled. She proceeded to the bazaar, where she saw a handsome youth, decked in loveliness from head to foot. A balance was hung up in his shop; candy and sugar were poured out. When the woman saw this leveling from afar, she writhed and heaved a sigh from her liver.³ She brought

¹ Falconer gives only the title of this story, and refers the reader to Syntipas, p. 40 [of Boissonade, p. 30 of Eberhard].

² The word in the text is *muqashshar*, which is thus explained in Shakspeare’s Hindūstanī Dictionary: “Barked, skinned, peeled, shelled, husked (rice).” In Persian the term may perhaps be equally applicable to shelled nuts or almonds, husked rice, &c. It must be borne in mind, however, that this text seems to have been written in India.

³ I take the liberty of reproducing the following, from my notes on the Romance of ‘Antar (*Arabian Poetry for English Readers*, [pp. 456-7](#)):—
The ancients, it is well known, placed the seat of love in the liver. Thus ‘Antar says: “Ask my burning sighs that mount on high; they will tell thee of the flaming passion in my liver.” An epigram in the seventh book of the *Anthologia* is to the same purpose:

“Cease, Love, to wound my liver and my heart;
If I must suffer, choose some other part.”

out the piece of gold and laid it down, saying: "Give me husked rice for this gold." The youth said: "There is no need of the gold; I will give thee presently rice with sugar on the top: do thou rest thyself a moment." As he was young, and she was young, the (recollection of the) old man could find no room between them. He brought the rice and put it before her; he also put some sugar on the top of it. The woman took off her veil and wrapped both of them therein; then she went into an inner apartment, which had a private way out on that side, and sat down.

* * * * *

A leaf, fol. 57, is wanting here; but from other versions we may suppose that the story went on to relate that, the grocer having given his servant a secret signal, while he and the lady were conversing together, the lad substituted sand in place of the rice and sugar; that she took up her parcel and returned home; and the old man, on discovering its strange contents, naturally inquired what this meant. Perceiving the trick of the grocer, she readily replied (fol. 58):

"When I was making for the bazaar from the street, at that narrow place at the head of the market, a young camel, that had broken away from the rope attached to its nose-ring, had got loose from the file (of camels), like a mountain suddenly sprang to foot, like a rock suddenly moved from its place, roared and so terrified me, that my breath was taken away. In that place where I turned and fled, the piece of gold fell from my hand into the dust.¹ I looked much for it, but could not find it; and as it was drawing late, I took away some of the dust of the road in my veil." The good-man, out of his simplicity of heart, believed her tale, and said: "Who wert thou, to be without fear? Thou knowest gold and dust to be

Theocritus, in his 13th Idyll, referring to Hercules, says: "In his liver Love had fixed a wound." Anacreon tells how the god of Love drew his bow, and "the dart pierced through my liver and my heart." Horace (B. I, ode 2) says: "Burning love doth in thy cankered liver rage." But this notion was not peculiar to the ancients. According to our great dramatist:

"Alas! then love may be called appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate."

¹ In the Syriac version, the woman says she was frightened by a *calf*; in the 8th Night of Nakhshabī's *Tūtī Nāma* (where the story is told by the Sixth Vazīr), she says that an *ox*, having got loose, ran at her, and she fell, losing the money among the dust. (This is the 25th tale of Kāderī's abridgment of the *Tūtī Nāma*, of which an English translation, together with the text, was published, at London, in 1801.) In the Hebrew and the Arabic versions, she was jostled by the crowd in the bazaar, and dropped the coin.

one in my sight.” He then gave her another piece of gold, saying: “Buy husked rice at that place thou knowest.” So she took the gold, again put on her veil, and returned to the shop of her lover.]¹

The king is induced by these tales and the intercession of the *vazīr* to suspend the execution and remand his son to prison.

The Damsel now returns for the third time,² and renews her demand for justice against the prince. “If my counsel be not listened to,” says she, “the same thing will happen to you which befell the prince who, yielding to the guidance of his [father’s] *vazīr*, was made prisoner in the haunt of *ghūls*.” His Majesty desires to hear the tale, and the Damsel proceeds:

Story of the Prince and the Ghūl.

A WOMAN of the race of the kings of Persia once related to me that, in the city of Kirmān, a city whose like neither does the earth behold nor space contain, there ruled a brave and just prince, of the family of Kisra, by name Ardashīr,³ to whose sway were subject fowl, fish, and ant; and whose threshold was kissed by the sultans of Ghūr. He had but one son, named Bedr, whom he fondly loved, and who, he hoped, would succeed him when he should cease to reign: when the rose should pass away, this rose-water would remain; when the sun should set, this moon would arise. One day, in the season of spring, the young prince, wearied of confinement, asked permission of his father to go a-hunting for a day or two. “The master of the hawks,” said he, “informs me that in Rūdbār, and Mushīr, and Nigār there is abundance of cranes, partridges, and other game, and makes me eager for the sport.”

¹ This story is also found in John of Capua’s *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ*. It is omitted in the old Castilian version of the Book of Sindibād.

² That is, including her appearance when she accused the prince, but did not relate a story.

³ Kisra, or Khusrau, was the general title of Persian kings of the Sāsāni dynasty, hence the Greek forms Cyrus and Chosroes, and perhaps the more modern Cæsar, Kaiser, and Czar. The founder of this dynasty was Ardashīr (Artaxerxes), but there were two other kings of the same name; and since Nūshīrvān the Just (6th century) is often termed Kisra *par excellence* by Persian writers, and was called Chosroes I by the Greeks, the prince above mentioned was probably Ardashīr III, the fourth successor to Nūshīrvān, and the twenty-fourth king of the dynasty.

His aged father replied: "Listen to my counsel, and do it not, my son. The chase is an evil thing in its beginning and in its end. In the eye of those endowed with reflection, it is unlawful that the hawk should pluck out the eye of the partridge. The antelope, with all its beauty and grace— is it not a pity that it should be mangled by the fangs of the dog? The pheasant, with its delicate and graceful gait— is it not a shame that it should fall into the power and snare of the fowler? Those animals cause pain or injury to no one; are happy amid their thickets and grass, and covet nothing more. Well said the widowed wife to the falconer: 'Go, withhold thy hand from this evil occupation. They are all the servants of their Maker; all of them live by his command. What advantage canst thou derive by depriving them of life? What benefit canst thou reap from sacrificing an ant?'"

"Sire," replied the prince, "the law sanctions hunting and the chase; and since it is permitted by the Prophet, whence is this prohibition, and why this severity of rebuke?"

In short, the king, seeing that he was bent on going, cautioned him to be on his guard against evil and danger; and his Majesty's favourite minister, in whom he had the fullest confidence, received instructions to attend and take charge of the prince, but was desired by the king not to conduct him to the desert of Rūdān, as it was infested with ghūls. They set out, and the vazīr proposed that they should proceed to Shemsī Ghūrān, which abounded in wild asses. Another of the vazīrs, however, who had long borne envy towards the premier, and who was secretly the enemy of his sovereign, worked on the prince by his insinuations against the minister, drew him aside from his train, when they were near Shemsī Ghūrān, into a tent, and persuaded him to drink a cup of wine. The prince was then about to repose in the tent, when a cry arose that a wild ass was started.¹ The prince sprang up, mounted his steed, and rode on in pursuit of the animal, and never reined in until it suddenly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it up.

The prince looked on every side, and beheld before him a charming lady, beautiful as a perī— her stature straight as a box-tree; her mouth small as the end of a hair; her waist a hair's breadth. One wonders not to find a rose growing by a fountain; but if it is found springing from a salt-marsh, it may well cause surprise. The prince was galloping in pursuit of a wild ass, and if he missed it, he found an antelope; he was in search of a serpent, and found the treasure in its stead.² "A table," thought he to himself, "has descended from heaven."— "O envy

¹ Hunting the wild ass is still a favourite pastime of the Persian nobles. The fleetness of this animal is perhaps only exceeded by that of the antelope.

² It is a popular notion among Muslims— borrowed probably from the Hindūs, who have the same superstition that hidden treasure is guarded by

of hūrī and perī,” said he, addressing her, “for human being possesses not such beauty, thou art an angel, and Paradise is thy home; say, what wouldst thou in this world of gloom?”¹ The damsel replied: “One must not hide one’s complaint from the physician. I once beheld thee at a distance, from my terrace. I had ascended to look for the new moon, when, to my unexpected good fortune, the sun appeared. (Thus) one sought the moon, and found the sun; one looked for the Goblet, and found Jamshīd.² 1 Since thou art the amber and I the straw, tell me, how can I preserve my heart? O captivating youth, the heart is a source of affliction; I would not wish even an infidel the misfortune to have his heart enslaved.” The prince was carried away by his desires; for the fountain was in sight, and his lip was parched. The damsel pointed to her abode, and led the way, while the prince rode on after her till they reached a desolate spot. She entered,

serpents.

¹ “So excessive,” remarks Sir William Ouseley, “is the admiration of the amorous Persians for female beauty, that those who possess it in an eminent degree are considered by them as something more than mortal. Of this opinion is the celebrated poet Khusrū, in the beginning of one of his *gazals*:

‘Think not that beautiful damsels are of the human race;
They are houris of Paradise, or angels, or superior spirits.’”

Akin to this poetical idea is the following fine passage, from the *King’s Quair* (or Book) of James I of Scotland, on seeing Lady Jane Beaufort walking in the garden of Windsor Castle:

“Ah, sweet ! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?
Or are ye god Cupid his own princess,
And coming are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flowers as they stand?”

And the great Persian Sa’dī:

“Who is walking there thou, or a tall cypress?
Or is it an angel in human shape?”

And the Hindū Somadeva: “When the young man saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love, and no longer master of his feelings. He said to himself: ‘Can this be Rati come in person to gather flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the god of Love? or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?’”

² See [previous note](#).

and cried out: “Come and see what I have brought hither by my contrivance!”¹ From every corner the black ghūls² rushed out. The prince, on seeing them, was alarmed for his life, and conning a prayer,³ fled to the desert. He urged on his steed, while the female pursued him, begging him not to desert her thus cruelly.— “Excuse me,” said the prince; “I am not my own master, but in the hands of another [i.e. his steed]. Whatever I sew, he undoes; I go not willingly, but he flies with me.” The damsel continues to entreat; but the prince persists in not returning.

* * * * *

Although the pages of the manuscript are numbered consecutively, a leaf is wanting here. The conclusion may be guessed from *Syntipas*, where, as soon as the prince had uttered a prayer, the damsel falls powerless on the ground, unable longer to pursue him; while the prince sets off at full speed, and reaches home in safety. [7]

* * * * *

The commencement of the next chapter is wanting, but it, of course, contained the order of the king for the execution of his son, which is stayed by the Third Vazīr, who, repairing to the foot of the throne, intercedes for the prince. He counsels the king to put no faith in slaves. “If you desire a son,” said he, “ask in marriage the daughter of the emperor of China; for whenever you have a son by a slave, he will be of evil disposition, and ill-affected towards you: a beggar will be introduced to your court, and a black seated on your throne. Listen not to the

¹ “And behold, the damsel, sporting with the sprites, and saying to them: ‘Behold, I have brought to you a young man, the son of a king.’”— *Mishlé Sandabar*.

² In the Greek version, *lamioe*, ogresses.— Ghūls (or ghouls) are a species of demons, believed by Muslims to feed on human flesh, and to have the power of assuming any form they choose, to decoy unwary travellers. In the present case, the ghūl had first assumed the form of a wild ass, which the prince eagerly chased, and next that of a beautiful girl. The ghūls correspond to the Vetālas, Pisāchas, Yoginis, and Dākinis of Indian mythology, who play prominent parts in many of the ancient Hindu fictions.

³ “And the youth, straightway directing his eyes and hands to heaven, besought him [i.e., God], saying,” &c. *Syntipas*.

advice of the worthless; slay not your son rashly; otherwise you will repent, as the officer did of killing his cat.” The vazīr then relates the

*Story of the Snake and the Cat.*¹

[IN a city of Cathay there dwelt a good and blameless woman with her husband. By-and-by she bore him a son, and thereupon died. The man got a nurse to bring up the child. Now he had a cat, of which he was very fond, and to which his wife had been also much attached.

One day the man went out on some business, and the nurse also had left the house, no one remaining but the infant and the cat. Presently a frightful snake came in, and made for the cradle to devour the child. The cat sprang upon it, and after a desperate fight succeeded in killing it. When the man returned, he was horrified at seeing a mangled mass lying on the floor. The snake had vomited so much blood and poison that its form was hidden, and the man, thinking that the cat, which came up to him, rubbing against his legs, had killed his son, struck it a blow, and slew it on the spot. But immediately after he discovered the truth of the matter, how the poor cat had killed the snake in defence of the boy, and his grief knew no bounds.]²

“Shed not, then, the blood of your innocent son,” proceeds the vazīr. “If the officer had reflected, he would not have acted so rashly. Slay not a prince on the testimony of a woman. Women are fickle and inconstant, and pray at ten qiblas³ in one day. I will now, with your Majesty’s permission, relate a story, still more

¹ Here presented somewhat more fully than it is given by Falconer.

² This story is not found in any of the Arabic texts. In the Syriac, Greek, Hebrew, and old Castilian versions it is a dog that kills the snake. In the *Pancha Tantra*, where the same story occurs (B. v, Fab. 2), it is, more appropriately, a *mungūs* “the fierce hostility of which creature to snakes,” remarks Dr. H. H. Wilson, “and its singular power of killing them, are in India so well known as to have become proverbial, and are verifiable by daily observation. It is doubtful,” he adds, “if a dog has either any instinctive enmity to snakes, or any characteristic dexterity in destroying them.” In *Calila and Dimna* and the *Hitopadesa* the snake is killed by a *weasel*, of which the *mungūs*, or *ichneumon*, is a species. See Appendix, [No. 8](#).

³ The term *qibla*, which signifies “the point of adoration,” is commonly applied to the Ka’ba (“cubical house”), or Temple, in Mecca; and to this point every Muslim must turn his face when he prays.

entertaining than the last, of the merchant's wife and the old woman who conducted her to a lover."

*Story of the Libertine Husband.*¹

AN old man had married a young and beautiful wife. The husband used frequently to go to his farm in the country, leaving his wife in town. Upon those occasions she threw off all restraint, and met many lovers; and an old woman acted as her go-between. The husband once, on returning to town, instead of going home, applies to the old woman to introduce him to a mistress; and his own wife, not knowing whom she was to meet, is induced to grant him an assignation. She manages so well to dissemble her own confusion, and reproaches him so naturally, that he never suspects her guilt, but entreats on his knees to be forgiven his infidelity. [9]

The king's resolution is again shaken by those tales, and he remands his son to prison.

The Damsel now presents herself a fourth time, and demands justice, threatening, if it is refused, to drink a cup of poison which she holds in her hand. She relates the

Story of the Monkey, the Fig-Tree, and the Boar.

AN old monkey, finding himself a burden to his wife and family, takes leave of them, and wanders forth into the world. After suffering much distress, he at last reaches a spot in a forest full of every sort of fruit, and abounding in figs so delicious that you would have supposed them composed of sugar and milk. Here, reposing from the fatigues of travel, he slept long and soundly. When he awoke, he performed his ablutions in the stream, and ate some fruit. Although his heart burned when he thought of his family and relations, of what avail was it to grieve? Having here abundance of provision, he quitted not the spot the whole year. He reserved a quantity of the fruit on the branches for the winter. In the meantime a boar, fleeing from the combat, with his face bathed in blood and the stream flowing from every hair of his body, appeared in the forest, like sudden death

¹ In *Syntipas*, this forms the conclusion of the story of the Go-Between and the She-Dog. The first portion subsequently appears, in this text, as the second tale of the Fourth Vazir.

entering a door. After lying for a week in feebleness, the wounded boar went about in search of food, but in vain, it being now winter. At length he saw the monkey seated on a fig-tree, every branch of which was laden with figs. He implored the monkey to give him some food; upon which it threw him down a lapful of fresh figs, a *mun* or more. These he quickly devoured, and still demanded more, until he had eaten ten *muns*, and the tree was stripped of fruit. The boar now threatened, and the monkey prayed to heaven for deliverance; upon which the boar, springing upon the tree, fell back, broke its neck, and expired. [10]

“Fear, then, that God by whom this was brought about, and grant me justice,” added the Damsel, “remembering that the throne of tyrants shall be overturned.”

The king is now more determined than ever on the death of his son, and orders wood to be brought together, that he may be burnt by the executioner; upon which the Fourth Vazīr presents himself, and intercedes for the prince. To show the danger of trusting in women, he relates the

Story of the Bathkeeper,

who conducted his wife to the son of the king of Kanūj.¹ He next relates the

Story of the Go-Between and the She-Dog.

[In the city of Shūstar (in Khūzistān, Persia) a gay young gallant, riding to the chase one day, sees a perī-faced damsel at a lattice-window, and immediately falls

¹ An obscene story of a man whose cupidity induced him to become a party to the dishonour of his own wife. (See *Syntipas*, page 48 of Boissonade, page 36 of Eberhard.) This is one of the four tales which are common to both the Western and the Eastern groups of the Book of Sindibād. In the Latin text, *Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ*, as well as in the English prose and Scottish metrical versions, it is fused with a rather stupid tale of “Janus and the Defence of Rome.” But in the most ancient of the French versions, *Dolopathos*, and two early English metrical versions, this story is given separately. (See the *Seven Sages*, Percy Society Reprints, vol. xvi, [page 52](#).) A variant, possibly the original form, is found in the *Hitopadesa*, [ch. i, fab. 8](#): “The King’s Son and the Merchant’s Wife.”

in love with her. He engages a crafty old woman to intercede with the lady in his behalf, but she indignantly refuses to entertain any lover, and sends the go-between away unsuccessful. After some little time the old woman disguises herself as a devotee, and thus contrives to obtain admission to the house, soon gains the confidence of the servants, and ultimately becomes the familiar companion of the lady herself. One day this artful and hypocritical old hag secretly feeds the lady's she-dog with cakes strongly seasoned, which cause the creature's eyes to water as though it wept. The lady, observing this, expresses her surprise, and asks the old woman the cause. At first she pretends to be averse to explain the reason why the dog wept, but, after much entreaty, she informs the lady that the dog was once a beautiful damsel, who had been changed into that form as a punishment for rejecting a lover's suit. Alarmed at this tale, the lady confesses that she had refused to receive the addresses of a youth who had professed his love for her through an old woman; but now, lest she should in like manner be transformed into a she-dog, she is willing to grant him an interview. The crafty old go-between hastens to the amorous youth and informs him of the success of her trick; and soon after the lady and her lover are united.]¹

* * * * *

[There is here a very considerable displacement in the leaves of the MS., and some deficiencies occur throughout the remainder of the volume. The prince was doubtless remanded when the fourth vazīr had concluded his second story, as above; and the Damsel, of course, appeared for the fifth time, and urged the king to put his son to death, but it is impossible to say whether she told a story on this occasion, as all this portion of the text is wanting. We must now turn from folio 86 to folio 127 (the intervening leaves being misplaced), where we find but three pages remaining of what is evidently the first story of the Fifth Vazīr, from which it can only be conjectured that it relates to a lady who had dissipated, with her paramour, her husband's wealth, during his absence. From what remains, it may be entitled the

¹ Falconer has not given this story, but refers the reader to the version of it in *Syntipas*, p. 51 [of Boissonade, p. 39 of Eberhard]. He does not seem to have observed that the story as found in the Greek and other versions is in this text divided into two, the conclusion forming the second tale of the Third Vazīr— [page 58](#). For variants of this widely-diffused tale, see Appendix, [No. 11](#).

*Story of the Lady Whose Hair Was Cut Off.*¹

WHEN the lady was excited with wine, her lover came into her mind, and she lost her wits, and forgot where she was. The old companion leapt into her suddenly, and with a dagger she cut her hair to the roots. She scratched her cheek with her nails, till her face was bathed in blood. At dawn the lady went forth from the house, confused as her own tresses. When she reached home she began to weep; tore her collar and bared her head—her face all wounds with her nails. She raised her cries and wail to the moon; twisted her hairs round her fingers, pulled them out, and strewed them by handfuls all the way home, so that her path resembled the Milky Way therewith; saying that her husband's days were come to an end—a stranger had unexpectedly told her that news. The women gathered in her street, and they all became as disordered as her hair. One said: "The poor thing! see how, fair creature, for the death of her husband, she has cut off her hair!" Another said: "See her face, how she has torn it into wounds! See what she has done to her bosom!" There now befell wailings in that dwelling; the mansion was filled with the weeping of mourners. She prepared a worthy wake for her husband, and gave food.²—After a month had elapsed, her lord came home. Like fire from iron, the woman leapt out, and exclaimed: "Take care, O young man— you outside-cheat! I knew not if thou wast in the bath stoke-hole or in the tomb. For thy death have I cut off my hair from the roots, and torn all my face with my nails. With whom have you been in close converse? Tell me, with whom have you been in close search? If I had a little once, not an atom now remains;— for this reason, of thy ten houses not a farthing has been left. What an evil day was that on which we were joined!" Thus did she vent her ill-temper. Her lord said: "O kind companion, what may it all be? Let no harm come to thy life." He then made up for all the expenses that had befallen, and paid all the money she had borrowed.— Thus do women practise sleight-of-hand; with craft thus do they split hairs. Though a woman were a phoenix, she were best plucked of feathers; though she were a noble falcon, she were best with her head wrung off. None knows the tricks and spells of women;— make mourning a duty under her sway, and weep blood.³

¹ This fragment and the complete story which follows, related by the Fifth Vazīr, are not mentioned in Falconer's analysis; and what he conjectured to be told by this vazīr is the second story of the Seventh Vazīr.

² It is customary in Persia to distribute food to friends and the poor at wakes.

³ See Appendix, [No. 12](#).

“If his Majesty,” continued the Fifth Vazīr, “is not wearied by these headache-giving tales, I will relate another example.”

Story of the Woman who Outwitted her Father-in-Law¹

IN days of yore there lived a just and pious husbandman, who sowed the seeds of goodness and reaped a hundred-fold. His house was all the year full of corn; his fields abounded with flocks; and on the poor he bestowed a portion of his wealth. He had a Babylonish wife; a magician-deceiver— all coquetry and leering. One day, when he was abroad inspecting the harvest of his fields, this perī-faced one went up to the terrace of the mansion, and there, like a fowler, she spread her snare. A graceful youth was pacing the plain, and coming near the enclosure of the harem, he beheld the face of that hūrī— that mail-haired beauty, of the lasso-tresses— and field and waste were filled with light. Now his sighs arose from his heart; now his feet sank in the clay. From above the perī-faced one shook her head, and stroked her face and bosom.

In the street of this youth dwelt an aged woman;— in foxery she was the old wolf of the city; in trickery, the crafty dissembler of the age. To her the young man went, and told her what signs the lady had made to him upon the roof of her house. The old woman answered: “Thy beloved— thy passionate companion, thy desired one— indicated thereby: ‘Choose a damsel; seek out a pomegranate-breasted one; if she be fair, speak with her.’”! So the youth sought out such a girl, and sent her secretly, with a token. When she had delivered her message, the lady pretended to be very wroth; spoke harshly to her; made black her face; and turned her out by the water-way. On reaching her own house, the young man went to meet her; and when he saw her plight and heard her story, he ran along the road to the door of the old woman. If he had a grief, he told it all; for one must not hide pain from the physician. The past-mistress thus answered him: “Knowest thou what thy beloved hath said? ‘When Night draws her pitchy curtain over her head, and the Ethiop king leads his host against Rum, come thou into the garden by the way of the water, for this indeed is the proper way.’”²

By reason of this the youth went off glad and bright. And when it was night he went into the garden. The jasmine-faced one came from the house into the garden, which was (as it were) filled with lamps by (the brightness of) her cheek.

¹ “Story of the Woman who brought her Lover by the Water-War,” etc.

² The lady having conveyed this message by blackening the girl’s face (as the symbol of *night*), and sending her away by the path skirting the pond in the garden.

In one place were the box-tree and the cypress; the hawk and the pheasant made peace together. Who would think that this night was the night of treachery? . . . When it was midnight, sleep bore them off. An aged man, who was father to her husband, chanced to come out of the house. He was confounded at what he saw in the garden, and took away her anklets. Awaking soon afterwards, she perceived what had befallen her, and, having dismissed her companion, went into the house and lay down. And when an hour yet remained of the night, her husband awoke, and she said to him: "O kind comrade, would not the garden be more pleasant than the house? On such a day the garden is a spring-tide. When the rose smiles, the house becomes a prison. In the morning, when the nightingale laments from the bough, put forth thy head, like a rose, from the corner of the pavilion. Why liest thou when thou hast slept so long? Now are the walks of garden and orchard pleasant; for the garden is become the place of the nightingale, not of the crow." Then she took her husband by the hand, and with him entered like a nightingale flushed into the rose-bower. In that same place where the anklets had been taken off her feet, she threw down a mat, and lay thus with her husband till the morning. Then said the woman to him: "Ask thy father what he wishes of me. He is neither my uncle nor my aunt;— why does he take off my two anklets?" The young man was angry with his father, saying to her: "Why should he give thee a headache?" When that experienced man came into the garden from the mansion, he told the whole affair to the youth— told him with displeasure the affair of the anklets. He flared up, and was very wroth with his father, and said to him: "Thou hast beheld all this only in a dream; for this woman was not separated from me this night. Go, master, be shamed before God. It was I who was with her in that place where she lay." When the father heard this tale from his son, he bowed his head and was shamed. Then made he apologies to the woman; he increased her dower, and gave her the half of that garden.¹

The king was grieved at this story; he reflected a moment, and then commanded the prince to be again removed to prison.]

The Damsel now presents herself the sixth time, and demands redress. She inveighs against the vazīr, and cautions the king not to trust him. She then relates the

¹ See Appendix, [No. 13](#).

Story of Sal'ūk the Robber, the Lion, and the Monkey.

IN the happy reign of Farīdūn,¹ a caravan pitched their tents by the side of a running stream. Thither a robber of great daring, who would have stolen the nose from the face of a lion, came by night in the hope of meeting with some booty, but finding a sentinel at every corner, and seeing that his art would be of no avail, he departed. Thinking, however, that he might contrive to steal some of the fleetest of the horses, he sat down in the midst of the cattle to watch his opportunity. By chance, a lion, in search of prey, passed near the caravan, and fixed his desire on the herds; but from the outcry raised by the crowd, he could not succeed, and remained quiet in his place. Sal'ūk, seeing no other means of safety or escape, suddenly sprang on the lion's back and held fast. The lion, alarmed, ran off with his rider, and ceased not running the whole night.² The robber was exhausted with sitting on the lion's back, yet dared not quit it for almost certain death.

I once heard a traveller in Arabia say, that if you fix a determined gaze on a lion, he will that instant take to flight; while, if you flee from him, he will pursue you. In all cases of danger, courage is the best security. The lion, under his rider, had by this time become timorous as a mouse. Coming to a lofty tree, he went under its shade; upon which Sal'ūk sprang boldly from his seat into the tree. The lion on his part also was glad to escape from his rider, and took to flight with his tail trailing on the ground. Meeting a monkey, he was at first inclined to flee, thinking it might be the man, but observing his humble attitude, he stopped. The monkey, after respectfully saluting him, and inquiring after his royal health, asked him why he was travelling without his train, whither he was going, and on what object—at the same time offering his services. The lion related his adventure, and told him that his enemy was on a tree not far off. The monkey reproached him for being afraid of such a foe. The lion then conducted him to the tree, and the monkey mounted into its branches, not observing that the robber was concealed in a cleft of it underneath him. The man suddenly seized him, and grasped him so powerfully that he instantly expired. Be not forward or precipitate, and engage not in a contest with one who is your superior in strength. The lion, seeing what had taken place, betook himself to flight. [14]

¹ Farīdūn was the sixth of the Pīshdādī dynasty of ancient kings of Persia.

² In the Syriac text, a party with cattle take up their lodging in a caravanserai, leaving the gate open. During the night a lion enters in quest of prey, and shortly after a bold thief, who, groping for a fat animal, mistakes the lion for a horse, and mounts him; and the lion, supposing he has got the watchman on his back, rushes off with him in a great fright.

The king reflects on this tale, and resolves to put his son to death before his power should increase, when it might be too late.

The Sixth Vazīr, hearing of his Majesty's change of determination, comes before him to intercede for the prince. He inveighs, like the rest, against women, and advises his Majesty to put no trust in them. In proof of his assertions, he relates the

*Story of the Peri and the Religious Man; his Learning the
Great Name; and his consulting with his Wife.*

A HOLY man, who spent all his time in devotion, had a perī for his constant and familiar companion for many years. At length, the perī is obliged to leave him,¹ word having been brought her of the illness of one of her children. On parting, she teaches him the "Three Great Names" (of God), on pronouncing one of which, on any great emergency, his wish will be immediately accomplished. One night the

¹ Falconer cites, in the original Persian, the reflections of the devotee on taking leave of the perī, of which Mr. J. W. Redhouse, the eminent Orientalist, has kindly furnished the following close, line-for-line rendering—the verses have, probably, a mystical (sūfī) signification: "more is meant than meets the ear:"

How happy is he who has no acquaintance,
So that, following on separation, solitude be not.
Like the phoenix, go, be thy own companion;
Thy own associate; thy own confidant be thou:
So that to taste the poison of separation need for thee be not;
So that to bear the pang of separateness need for thee be not.
When the soul for a time has accustomed itself to the body,
See with what difficulty it comes up out of the body.
Happy the man who hath not seen the bazaar of the world,
Nor experienced the sorrow, trouble, bother of the world.
As at first there is in it the pang of being born,
So at last there is in it the pang of giving up the ghost.
The world is the city of grief, the house of woe;
Not a place of rest, but an abode of dragons:
Go not to sleep in the den of dragons;
Cast not thyself into the trap of calamity.
Be it not that the thorn take the habit of [piercing] the rose;
For it is a death to turn away one's affection from a beloved.

shaykh communicates the circumstance to his wife, who dictates to him what he is to wish for. The result shows the folly of consulting with women; but it is unfit to be repeated. It is sufficient to say that the tale is similar to that of the “Three Wishes,” by La Fontaine, to Prior’s “adle,” and to that given in *Syntipas* [p. 84 of Boissonade, p. 66 of Eberhard.]¹

[The vazīr then recounts the stratagem of the old woman with the merchant’s wife and the young man:

*Story of the Concealed Robe.*²

IN old times there was a prince of the city of Ray, who spent all his time with minstrels, harps, and lutes; he was never without mirth all the year—a youth whose lot had never been troubled. He had no anxiety for the future, no business save pleasure. He never tasted grief, but ever tasted wine. He had a hundred lovers in every corner; every eye waited on his road; his ward thronged with beauties, he was never a moment without coquetry and drinking.

One night, at the time when he thought to sleep, when he knew not harp from rebeck, one of his fair companions said to him: “To-day I saw a beauty, whose face none ever beheld save the mirror, whose hair none ever caressed save the comb—a jasmine-cheeked one from the gardens of Paradise, beside whom the hūrīs were ugly as demons.” The wine-flushed man was ravished with her locks; all night he slept not for passion of that moon (i.e. the damsel); he spoke of nought but her image. When it was day, he arose, and thought to go to her street. He asked for her ward, and he (soon) began to perceive her odour.³ He inquired regarding her of the neighbours, the eunuchs, and the duennas coming and going. By chance, her fairy-cheek was at the window: the youth had paused at the head of the street; at the same moment came that envy of the perīs like the petal of the

¹ See Appendix, [No. 15](#).

² Falconer has omitted this story (which is known through other versions under the title of “The Burnt Cloth”), because it is also found in Scott’s *Seven Vazīrs*, where, however, it is told very differently.

³ The fragrant odour here alluded to is that arising from perspiration: Eastern poets commonly comparing beautiful girls to the nymphs of Paradise, whose perspiration is to be odoriferous as musk. Thus, the pre-Islamite Arabian poet Imra’u-l-Qays, referring to two of his former “flames,” says that “when they departed, musk was diffused from them, as the eastern gale sheds the perfume of the clove.”

rose for grace and freshness, the perspiration was on the rose of her face, the hyacinths of her hair were in confusion. The youth became intoxicated by the zephyr from her rose; straightway his wits forsook him; suddenly his foot fell into the snare; suddenly his foot slipped from the roof; he flung himself with his own hands into the net, like the fawn that rushes headlong into the lasso. When the fairy-faced hūrī passed quickly away, how shall I tell what passed over him? He no longer knew his head from his foot, through his inebriety (with love); he no longer knew height or depth. He returned helpless from that street to his own house, where he gave himself up to grief.

The youth had an old woman in the house, who was a mistress of spells and charms; who had now cleared her hands from affairs of the world, but had formerly arranged many such matters. He went to her, and spoke with her, for the pain of the soul must not be hidden. When she heard his tale, she began to consider how to act. She had an old comrade, an effeminate one; who was fallen into the worst of plights; whose back was become (bent) like a harp, through old age; whose voice was like the boom of a drum; who was altogether hideous;— time had given him sticks for feet. He signified to the youth that this business was in his way. So the youth told what was on his heart, for one must not conceal the secret from the counsellor. He replied: “Know, O youth, that that envy of Venus and the moon is the wife of a great merchant of our city, at whose counter Kārūn¹ would be a beggar. To-morrow do thou go before his shop, and buy of him a costly piece of raiment: give it to me, and thou shalt see how I will manage this business.”

So next day the youth went to the bazaar, and bought a robe of the merchant, which he gave to the effeminate one, who proceeded to the street where the moon-faced one dwelt, and by craft managed to get into the house. When the fairy-face saw his demon-like form, she laughed and ran before him. After a while she brought a tray of food, and sat down beside him; and he made friends with her. And when the girl was not looking, he slipped the robe under the husband’s pillow, soon after which he left the house. When the good-man came back, as usual (for he was never a night absent from the house), he looked at the pillow, and saw that robe. He was amazed, and tore up the robe. As this sight was not far from sin, he was disgusted with life and with woman, and he struck the poor thing’s head and face. The woman managed to escape from him, and went to her mother.

One day the vile hag came forth from her house, and went to the house where the lady was, and inquired what had befallen her. The lady answered: “My husband came in and struck me, though I had done nothing; I know of nothing wrong that I did; I said nothing either good or bad. It seems as though they had

¹ Kārūn is the Korah of the Bible, and, according to Muslim legends, possessed enormous wealth. See the [28th chapter of Sale’s Koran](#), and his note.

cast a spell on him to make him act thus. What can I do in such a case?” The ill-omened hag thus answered her: “I know a skilful diviner, than whom no one better knows secrets; the heavens are to him as the earth; everything from the moon to the earth is as wax under his seal; never have I seen any one who speaks more truly than he; he will certainly be able to divine thy case, and annul the enchantment against thee.” With such words she gained her confidence; and returning to the youth’s house, she told him all that had happened, and he was greatly pleased with what he heard. In the morning he adorned the house as for a banquet; made it like a garden when the roses are in bloom; and collected lutists and harpers, for they say that wine without music is grief. When all was ready and he was waiting their coming, there entered the demon, and after her the fairy, whose cheek was studded with perspiration, like the rose with dew in the morning. She was come to that house in order that he might draw her out a charm. The youth at once came forward to meet her, bowing much and apologising: the fairy-face saw him whose heart was distracted for her— saw him whose nights were sleepless through longing for her. That same moment she forgot the merchant forgot right and wrong. The hag then left the house, for the arrow had struck the mark. The youth then took her by the hand and seated her. . . The diviner looked in her face and discovered the state of her mind. . . When the lady had returned to her mother’s house, the youth called for the hag, and said: “Since thou hast done so well, and forgotten nothing; as thou hast done a kindness, complete it: make peace between these two mates— speak of the virtue and goodness of the wife.” She said: “Yes; for such is my work.”

In the morning she went to the bazaar, and said to the merchant: “They have not accepted thy stuff, so I am disgusted and vexed for shame. I went on to the house of prosperity (*i.e.* his own house), and there I left the stuff. Look, for it is under thy pillow. God forbid that any should have grieved through this (my mistake).” She then took the price of the stuff from the merchant, and returned to her master. When the merchant heard this story from the old woman, it seemed to him to be true, and he repented of what he had done. He took many robes better than that one, of Khataian, Baghdādī, and Chinese stuffs, and gave them to his wife, and kissed her, and begged for pardon, saying: “My wife, the right was with thee.” He rubbed his head against her feet, and so soothed and did away her displeasure.]¹

The king is again persuaded to suspend the execution, and to remand his son to prison.

The Damsel comes the Seventh Time before the King, rends her Garments, and demands Justice.

¹ See Appendix, [No. 16](#).

When the Damsel learned that her calumnies were ineffectual, and that the wrath of his Majesty, and the thirst for his son's blood, which she had excited, had been dispelled by the counsels of his sage minister, thinking that she might yet conceal from him her crime, she approached the throne, and shedding tears, exclaimed: "O king, whither is departed that justice for which you were renowned? Dread that God who created the soul, and made you ruler of the earth. When a son aims, as yours has done, at the life of his father, he is a curse, and not a blessing. Trust not your vazīr, who is attached to other interests than yours, and who seeks only the aggrandisement of his own family. You yourself exercise no real sovereignty, but are guided in everything by him, and have not the liberty of a common rustic. If I have spoken too freely, consider for whose interest I am speaking. You are a mighty sovereign, and honoured with the esteem of other monarchs. Your son is but an ignorant boy, pleased with his panther and his hawk;¹ while your vazīr is so intent on his own ambitious schemes, that he knows not months from years: entrust not the management of your kingdom to a foe. You have gained it by the sword; leave it not to the needle. Since this vazīr is leagued with your son, choose another minister. What will it avail you to lament my fate, when I shall be in my grave? You know what a prince once experienced from his [father's] vazīr, who acknowledged not the ties of gratitude, but involved him in dire calamity? If your Majesty desires it, I will relate the story." The king having expressed a wish to hear it, the Damsel relates the

*Story of the Prince who went to hunt, and the stratagem
which the Vazīr practised on him.*

* * * * *

[The whole of this story, as Falconer has stated, is wanting in the manuscript. It is the tale of the prince who was changed into a woman by drinking at an enchanted fountain. See Scott's version of the *Seven Vazīrs* in the present volume, where it forms the fourth story of the Damsel.

¹ The cheetah, a species of panther, is trained in India and Persia to hunt the antelope.— Hawking, long a favourite sport in Europe, is still a common diversion of the Persians and Arabs. For a graphic description of hunting the antelope with hawks as well as dogs, see Malcolm's [*Sketches of Persia*](#).

We must now turn back to the displaced leaves— *folia* 87 to 126 inclusive which should follow the missing story of the Changed Sex. And here is another deficiency; but it may be supposed that, as usual, the king once more gives orders for the execution of his son, upon which the Seventh Vazīr presents himself, and, having prevailed upon his Majesty to stay the execution, begins to relate the

Story of the King and the Virtuous Wife,¹

the commencement of which is also wanting, but it was probably similar to that of the story as found in *Syntipas* and other old versions: A king, who was very fond of women, chanced one day to see a beautiful lady on the terrace of her house, and immediately became enamoured of her. Having ascertained that she was the wife of one of his officers, or ministers, the king despatched him on a distant expedition, and soon after visited the lady one evening. Now this lady was as virtuous as she was beautiful, and, pretending to accede to the king's desire, she gave him a book to read while she bathed and adorned herself. This book consisted of warnings against the indulgence of illicit passions, and in the first page of what remains of the story, the king seems to be engaged in reading it with great interest, and the narrative thus proceeds:

When the king reflected on these things, he repented of all he had previously done; and when the lady came in at the door, he looked on her with a different eye. He offered excuses to her; gave her a signet-ring² with his name on it, in order that it might be a keepsake for her, and then went to his own palace, with his heart and soul wounded for what he had done. That wine-drinking, beauty-adoring king became by this means a pure devotee, with the sacred volume (the Qur'ān) ever in his hand. He repented of his former wickedness, and never again did he but what was lawful.

One night the lady's husband came home unexpectedly. She had placed beside her the ring, which shone afar, like (the planet) Jupiter. And when he saw it, he was confounded; he examined it, and read the inscription, and recognising the royal name of the king thereon, earth and heaven became black in his eyes. The ring, which was of diamond, became a diamond for the heart of that master—it made him bleed for such a lot, as though there was poison under that signet. He thrust her forth of the house, and said nothing.

¹ Or, "The Lion's Track."— This fragment seems also to have escaped Falconer's notice, at least, it finds no place in his analysis.

² In the Greek and Arabic versions the king *forgets* his ring; in the Hebrew, his *cane*; in the old Castilian, his *sandals*.

The brother of the lady went before the king, and made complaint that "That good-man (his sister's husband) took from us a holding; without cause he has drawn back his hand from it: ask why he has left it." The king demanded of that broken-hearted one: "What is the cause of thy leaving it? If there has arisen a quarrel, on whose account is it?" Then the good-man answered thus: "O king, Defender of the Faith, Issuer of Command, I saw therein the track of the lion's foot;— can one work in the lion's place? Otherwise, there is no complaint against my ground; but it is not prudent to go in the lion's track." The king knew that this was the lady's husband, and the affair of the ring flashed upon him. So he encouraged him, saying: "Make not ill thy heart: thou art mistaken. Do not commit a fault against thyself. The lion that was there did not any harm." On hearing this, the man's heart was set at rest, and he repented the trouble and vexation he had caused his wife; he went at once and begged her forgiveness, and made all things pleasant for her. He sought the contentment of her heart, for true was her word, and virtuous her condition.¹

Having thus concluded, the vazlr then proceeds to relate the

*Story of the Man who compiled a Book on the Wiles of Women.*²

IN former days and early times, there was a wise man, active in his affairs; free from stain was his skirt; no sister, or mother, or mother-in-law had he. All his life he had lived in chastity nought knew he, save prayer. Never in all his life had he seen woman's face; his heart was at peace from the witch, woman; his heart was undisturbed by antimony or collyrium.³ Even the great ones of the faith, and the lions of the path, have glanced towards women. Flee thou from aloes-wood and

¹ See [Appendix, No. 17.](#)

² Falconer does not give this story, but refers to the version of it in *Syntipas*, from which, however, as well as from all other versions, it differs materially; and he conjectured it to be told by the Fifth Vazīr, an error now rectified by the insertion of the two stories proper to that vazīr, which he has not noticed.

³ It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that Asiatic women stain the edges of their eyelids with a black powder (called *kohl*), to increase the lustre of their naturally expressive eyes; and that antimony was formerly esteemed the best kind of collyrium.

ambergris,¹ as a child would escape from a lion. All day he collected (tales of) the wiles of women. He encompassed the world like the wind; he, the master, became a disciple. At length, one day he arrived at a city, and he saw in that city an experienced man, who (like himself) had spent his life in the same work: for forty years he had traversed sea and land, and finally composed a treatise on this subject, adorned with the lies and excuses the tricks and contrivances of women. This man became his guest, and ate at the same table; and when they were done with bread and tray, they began to converse on various subjects, and he said that which was on his mind. When he (the experienced man) saw what was the object of his guest, he redeemed him from his trouble and labour, by giving him the collection he had himself made, including the commentary which he had also composed. And thus the young man secured what had been the object of his life from morn till eve, and his work was completed. Thereupon, longing for home seized upon his heart. No evil is worse than the plight of the poor; nothing is pleasanter than one's own house. In truth, when God gives daily bread, why should the beggar trouble himself? . . . The wise man desires his own country; for delightful is the sight of an old friend. What is pleasanter than to return home after a long absence?²

He placed his books upon a camel, and proceeded homeward. In returning he was like a hawk; he sped in that direction as a falcon. At a village, one day's journey from his city, one received him as a guest, with honour, respect, and distinction. He set down his chests of books outside, for there was no room in the house sufficient to contain them. Presently some important business called away the good-man of the house, who, on leaving, thus commissioned his wife: "O wise one, be not a moment neglectful of this man." Having said this, he went off, and left his wife, who was a rose like the cypress of Paradise. The blackness (of her eyes) was like the Water of Life; the sugar of her smile bound up the hand of the cane. She was a spring-blossom, fresher than the jasmine-leaf; covered with leaves and flowers fresher than those in the meadow.

She came to seek an excuse of the youth;— see what will come of this excuse-seeking! When he beheld her, a torrent poured from his eyes. He fell into

¹ In other words: "Keep far from women," who are, in the East, addicted to the lavish use of perfumes.

² This is a favourite theme with poets of all lands and ages. Thus Rudakī, the Father of Persian Poetry (*circa* A.D. 925), exclaims, in his eulogium on Bukhara: "The gale cometh from the stream on whose banks our relations and friends reside, and with it wafts to us the fragrant information that we are sighed after by our dear but distant companions. The sandy shore of the Amū, however painful and disagreeable, shall, in the moment of our return, feel pleasant to our feet as the softest silk."

the place of evil. He stumbled, and his face became pale; his breath became cold as the wind of autumn. The woman perceived how it was with him— how her magic had worked on that Sāmīrī. She sat down, and soothed him. She asked, slowly and softly, her face hidden in her linen veil: “Welcome! whence hast thou come with joy? Thou hast adorned our narrow hovel!” She was curious to know whether his load was gold— she knew not that it was the load of an ass! “O master,” she said to him, “what is your load— what manner of stuff is in it?” Painfully and slowly, he gave answer, his heart filled with fire, and his soul overthrown: “It is a number of books containing all the wiles and devices of women.” When the wanton beauty heard these words, she tripped out of the house. The poor wretch remained with his own griefs;— there was none to draw the thorn from the wound. He forgot good and bad; he became so that he forgot himself. The crafty one came back, and saved him. . . Come, now, and see his case: see the end of his work and business. The labour of forty years comes to nothing. His brain was confused, and he became mad: though he was a friend, he became a stranger. He washed out all that was in his books. He ran from door to door like the mad. Now he smote his breast with a stone, now he tore his collar. His claims all went to the winds— all his austerity, asceticism, and piety. At length, in this pain and stress, he died; there was none to snatch his soul from the hand of woman’s wiles.]¹

The period during which the evil aspects in the prince’s horoscope were to prevail having now come to a close, and the seven days during which he was to keep silence being ended, he sent a messenger to the chief vazīr to thank him for the exertions he had made in his behalf.² The vazīr, upon this, waited on the

¹ See Appendix, [No. 18](#).

² Professor Comparetti seems to have been misled by the French translator of Falconer’s analysis when he states that the Prince, in this text, begins to speak on the seventh day. He certainly did speak to the prime vazīr on the seventh day, but did not appear at court until the day following. The text says: “When the star of the prince became good, that prince became prosperous, of victorious augury. Auspiciousness looked into his case; inauspiciousness went away from his fortune. Thus the seven days passed over him, in which, like the lily, he never loosed his tongue. He sent to the grand vazīr, that experienced man of wisdom, saying: ‘Thy efforts are thanked and approved. From the good comes ever good: who cuts a good branch from a bad root? Thy rights shall never be forgotten; for the cotton of negligence is not in my ear.’ . . . This message reached the vazīr’s ear, and he thanked God that that sleeping fortune had awakened. To the place where the king’s son lay, which was a wretched dwelling, he came.” The prince tells the vazīr to summon

prince, who requested him to beg for him an audience of his Majesty [on the morrow], when the nobles and courtiers should be all assembled. The *vazīr* joyfully hastened to the king, and announced the request of the prince, expressing his confidence that it would soon appear, before the whole assembly, who was innocent and who was guilty.

The king accordingly assembled his *grandees* [next day], and when he was seated on his throne, the sage *Sindibād* entered, and the king desired him to be seated. The prince next presented himself, and, after kissing his father's carpet, raising his head, he gave thanks to God that he was again permitted to appear at the foot of the throne. "When God wills not the destruction of any one," said he, "no ingenuity of man can effect it; and if it be decreed by him, it cannot be countervailed." In illustration of this remark, the Prince relates the

*Story of the Poisoned Guests*¹

[THERE was of old time an ocean-hearted (*i.e.* bountitiful) one, by whose hands mines would have been emptied; a noble, of auspicious step and lofty purpose, who never kept his door shut upon guests; to whose mansion was neither door, lock, nor porter. If a poor man asked him for a dirham, he gave him a dinar; if one asked him for a scrap, he gave him an ass-load. Once a party of his friends, great men, relations and companions of his, came to him as guests, as of wont; came to his house and table. He received them after the fashion of the generous, for this was ever his custom. A slave-girl went to fetch milk, that he might feast his guests with sugar and milk two very good things. She covered not the top of the milk-dish. Hearken to these words, and take warning: A stork was passing in the air, having snatched up an old snake from the desert. Poison was dropping through the air from that snake. How can one fly from the decrees of fate? Saliva dropped from the mouth of that viper, and that milk was mixed with poison; and whoever took any of that milk fell down, and there died forthwith.]²

"Who was guilty in this instance?" asked the prince; "and who ought to have been punished?" One said: "Doubtless, the female slave, because she did not cover up the milk." Another said: "The stork was to blame for having the snake in its

all the *grandees* *on the morrow* to the king's court, for then all should be made clear. Accordingly, next morning (the eighth day) the prince appears in court, and speaks in his own defence.

¹ Here presented more fully than it is by Falconer.

² See Appendix, [No. 19](#).

mouth.” Another said: “The snake, for dropping its venom in the milk.” “Nay, nay,” said a fourth; “but the giver of the entertainment, who left it to his slave to bring the milk.”— The prince said: “All these opinions are mistaken. No one was to blame; it was the decree of God.”

“There are four things,” continued the prince, “about which the wise do not distress themselves: *First*— One’s daily bread; for however scant it may be, it will undoubtedly suffice to conduct one to his grave. *Second*— Death, which none can avert or retard, and which ought, therefore, to be met with resignation. *Third*— One’s destiny, which will not cease to attend a man, notwithstanding all his exertions. *Fourth*— Distress, which neither the wise nor the foolish can remedy.

“One is constantly engaged in devotion; another is for ever in the tavern. Who leads the one to the street of the tavern? who draws the other to the practice of devotion?

“Many a man, though immersed in the water, has reached the shore, while the sailor has not seen it: many an alchemist has gone to his grave poor and naked as he first entered the world; many a gravedigger has found unexpectedly the treasure of Farīdūn.¹ The one and the other events are alike the ordinance of God. Whatever he decrees inevitably happens. If a man undergoes imprisonment and chains, it is not the order of any one, but the decree of destiny.”

When the king heard this address of his son, he was filled with admiration of his wisdom; he kissed his face, and took him to his bosom, and all his former love for him returned. He opened the doors of his treasury, and enriched the poor and needy. He set the prisoners free, and the debtors from their confinement. He now turned his thoughts to the philosopher Sindibād; and when he reflected how he had hazarded his life, his esteem for him increased, and he resolved to reward him munificently. He sent for him, and bestowed ample benefactions on the sage himself, his sons, and dependants.

He then inquired of Sindibād how it happened that the prince was at first averse to learning, and afterwards made such proficiency: how he was at first silent, and afterwards had his mouth opened. Sindibād kissed the hand of his Majesty, and after offering vows for his prosperity, replied: “Your Majesty is aware that everything is restricted to its appointed season. The winds of winter come not in spring. The tree while it is yet but a sapling bears no fruit, but yields it when it has grown tall and affords a shade. The business was at first beset with difficulties. Much did I labour, and the seed which I sowed has sprung up and yielded increase. The prince, O king, has now no equal in this age. On whatever science you question him he will answer with correctness.”

¹ Thus Sa’dī: “The alchemist died of grief and distress, while the blockhead found treasure under a ruin,”

The king commended the exertions of Sindibād, and, addressing the prince, requested him to explain his former backwardness. The Prince replies by relating the

Story of the Careless Mother.

[I HAVE heard of a lovely woman in Arabia, that when she grew up to be a fair beauty, she ever sat at her window or in the alcove. Like the tulip, she hid not her face from strangers; like the hyacinth, she covered not constantly her hair. She was wanton, and joyous, and fond of pleasure, and was never without flute, harp, or tambourine. She had no care of name, or thought of fame, but all day listened to the sound of the harp. She had no fear of brother or thought of father; and in this manner she passed her days. She had a little darling (lit. a corner of her liver), very dear to her heart, from whose mouth the scent of milk would come to her. One morning she took a cord and a pitcher, and put the little darling on her shoulder. She went on to the well, where she saw a fairy-faced one, like the sun—like the cypress in figure, like the moon in face, before whom the fame of Joseph would have fallen into the well. She saw him, and lost her wits, so that she forgot herself—forgot all good and bad. In her madness, this inebriate wanton bound the cord round the child's neck, and lowered him into the well. The boy cried out, and a crowd speedily came from the road, and drew him from the well.]¹

“So thoughtless is youth,” said the prince. “Make not thyself uneasy, then, about the raw stripling, since time will render him mature. Thus was it with me. Youth is the season of gaiety and thoughtlessness. I then cared but for sport and the chase. That period is now past, and no one sees it a second time, even in a dream. Reason then became my guide; and when I distinguished right from wrong, my heart was plunged in thought. Virtue and knowledge are the only garments that never grow old.—Sire, I have seen three persons wiser than myself and more experienced in the world: the *first*, an infant at the breast, by the inspiration and aid of the Creator; the *second*, a little child of five years old; the *third*, a blind old man.”

At the request of his Majesty, the Prince then relates the

¹ Falconer has condensed this story into a few lines.

Story of the Infant,

that spoke in its cradle, and reproved an adulterous king, when about to gratify an unlawful passion; on whom its words made so deep an impression, that from that time he became remarkable for his virtue and devotion.¹

The Prince next relates (fol. 108) the story of the child five years old, that instructed the woman what answer to make to her adversary and the qāzī:²

Story of the Stolen Purse, and the Child of Five Years.

ONCE on a time three persons agreed among themselves to enter into partnership, have everything in common, and share one another's secrets. One was a farmer, another a merchant, and another a dealer in grain. When they had amassed a sum of money, they agreed to deposit it with an old woman of approved honesty, but on this condition, that none should ask it back, unless all the three were present. One of them was an expert sharper. Being with his companions in the street, he pretended that he was going to ask from the woman some clay and other necessities for the bath. He approached her window, and begged her to hand him out, not what he had mentioned, but the purse. She asked where were his two partners. He said: "They are at hand; look from the window and see that they are both witnesses." The woman, seeing them, gave him the purse, while his companions never suspected any mischief. The man immediately on receiving it, fled to the desert, and went to another kingdom.

The two friends, after waiting some time in the street, and not finding their companion return, began to suspect what had happened, and hastening in alarm to the house of the old woman, demanded the deposit. She replied that their partner had received the money by their order and in their presence; upon which they took her before the qāzī, who commanded her to restore the deposit. She begged a delay of three days, which was granted. She departed weeping, and a child of five years of age, whom she met in the street, inquired the cause of her distress. Upon her relating it, the child smiled and said: "Tell the qāzī to-morrow in the court, that when he produces the three partners before you, you are ready to restore the money."

¹ See *Syntipas*, p. 115 of Boissonade, p. 91 of Eberhard.

² The judge and magistrate in Muslim cities, who performs the rites of marriage, settles disputes, and decides civil and criminal cases, according to the Qur'ān.

Next day she did as the child had suggested to her. The qāzī, in astonishment, asked her “who had pierced this pearl.” She at first claimed the merit to herself; but as the qāzī would not believe that a woman could possess such wisdom, she confessed the truth; and whenever in future a difficulty occurred, the qāzī referred to that child for a solution.¹

The Prince next relates the

Story of the Sandal-wood Merchant, and the Advice of the Blind Old Man.

THERE was once a young man, a merchant, who wandered about the world like the zephyr or the north wind, and who, like the sun and moon, was on his travels every month and all the year round. Manifold are the advantages of travel, by which a man of enterprise becomes respected. He who has travelled is awake and intelligent; and when an affair of importance occurs, he is powerful; while he who has sat inactive at home can with difficulty procure a livelihood. Travel is the profit and the capital of man; its hardships are his nurse. Through it the raw and inexperienced at length become adepts; through it the great achieve renown. By travel the new moon perpetually becomes the full. What is travel, but a capital by

¹ Although this story is omitted in the version of the *Seven Vazīrs* translated by Scott, it is found in all other texts of the Book of Sindibād. In *Syntipas*, three merchants leave their gold and silver, in three purses, with an old woman in whose house they lodged. In the Syriac text, three men travelled together into a foreign land, and, coming to a town, took up their abode with an old woman. As they were going to bathe, they said to their hostess: “Put out some bathing linen, and what else we require.” She put out everything for them, but forgot the comb. Then the men entrusted the old woman with their money, and told her not to give it to any one of them alone— only when all three came together to claim it, etc. The old Castilian translation agrees exactly with the Syriac version. In the Arabian texts, *four* merchants, who are partners in trade and possess a joint capital of a thousand dinars, in the course of a journey come to a garden with a running stream, in which they agree to bathe, and leave their purse with the woman who had charge of the garden. Three of them had begun to take off their clothes when they discovered that they had no comb, so the fourth, who was still dressed, was requested by his partners to ask the woman for one; but he asked and obtained the purse, and so on, as in the present version.— See Appendix, [No. 20](#).

which a fortune may be amassed?¹ By travel this young man became alert and active; and he who is active attains to wealth. He was now in Khatā, now in Khutan;² now in Aleppo, and now in Yaman. He carried the products of Khurasan to Kh,ārazm;³ he conveyed the stuffs of Ispahan to the emperor of China. As he sold in Bukhara the products of Abyssinia, he necessarily sold them at 1,000 per cent. (lit. one for ten).⁴

Some one having told him that at Kāshgar sandal-wood was of equal value with gold, and was sold for its weight in that metal, he resolved to proceed thither; and accordingly, having converted all his capital into sandal-wood⁵, he set out on his journey. When he arrived near Kāshgar, a person of the country, hearing that he had a large supply of sandal-wood (in which he himself dealt), and fearing that that commodity would be depreciated by its abundance, devised the following stratagem.

Going two stages out of the city, he halted at the spot where the foreign merchant was; and having pitched his tent and opened his bales, he lit a fire and piled sandal-wood on it for fuel. When the merchant smelt the odour of the sandal-wood he rushed from his tent in amazement and vexation. The man from the city saluted him, saying: “You are welcome; may God protect you from evil! Say, from what country do you come, and what merchandise bring you?” The merchant informed him. “You have made a sad blunder,” remarked the citizen. “Why have you brought cumin-seed to Kirman?⁶ The whole timber of this country is sandalwood: every casement, roof, and door is composed of it. If one were to bring common wood hither, it would be far better than sandal-wood. Who has been so cruel as to suggest to you this ill-advised scheme? From whose hand

¹ “Capital is multiplied twice and thrice over, by repeatedly buying and selling, by those who have knowledge and travel to other lands.”— *Pancha Tantra*.— For some verses in praise of travel, see Appendix, [No. 21](#).

² Both Khatā and Khutan were kingdoms, or principalities, in Chinese Tartary.

³ Kh,ārazm is a region lying along the River Oxus, and extending to the Caspian Sea.

⁴ “Of all goods, perfumes are the best: gold is not to be compared to the article which is procured for one, and is parted with for a thousand.” *Pancha Tantra*.

⁵ Perfumed woods— spiced woods.— *Syntipas*.

⁶ Apparently a proverbial expression.— F.

proceeds such a blunder as this? Does anyone bring the musk-bladder to Chinese Tartary?"¹

"Alas!" said the young man to himself, "I have thrown away my capital! Covetousness is an unblest passion! Alas, for my long journey, and the hardships I have endured! What have they availed me? He who is not content with what God allots him, never prospers."

The man, seeing the merchant now ready for his purpose, said to him: "The world is never free from profit and loss. Give this sandal-wood to me, and I will give you in return a measure of gold or silver, or of whatever else you shall ask."² The merchant consented; two witnesses were called, and the bargain was struck. The merchant considered that the sum he should receive was so much gain, and was rejoiced to be rid of so worthless an article as he had brought.

He thence proceeded to the city of Kāshgar, and entering that delightful spot, that model of Paradise, took up his lodging in the house of a virtuous old woman. Of her the merchant asked a question, the reply to which brought him grief and trouble. He inquired: "What is the value of sandal-wood in this kingdom?" and she informed him that it was worth its weight in gold.³ "In this city," said she, "headache is common; and hence it is in demand." At this intelligence the merchant became distracted, for he saw that he had been duped. He related his adventure to the old woman, who cautioned him not to trust the inhabitants of that city, by whose cunning many had been ruined.

When morning came, he washed his eyes from sleep, and inquired the way to the market. Thither he bent his course, and wandered through market, street, and field, still solitary, and without a friend or companion. The alien has no portion in enjoyment: he is a martyr wherever he dies. I will suppose him to be but second to Kay-Qubād,⁴ and that he has placed on his head the diadem of Farīdūn.

¹ Equivalent to our popular saying, "Coals to Newcastle." Musk, the perfume so much esteemed in the East, is obtained from the navel of a species of deer found in Tartary and Thibet.

² "On this account, then, if you are needy, come and sell your whole business, and what you wish, I shall give you upon a full plate." *Syntipas*.—"And the man said, I have great grief for thee. Since it is so, I will buy it of thee, and give thee what thou shalt wish. And now get up, and give it to me"—*Libra de los Engannos*.

³ Precisely the same answer is made by the old woman both in the Greek and the old Castilian translations: "It is worth its weight in gold."

⁴ Kay-Qubād was the founder of the second, or Kayānī, dynasty of ancient Persian kings.

Even were he Joseph of Egypt, yet when he calls to mind his home and country, a palace becomes to him a prison.

The young merchant was sad at heart, for his enterprise was entirely at a stand. Suddenly he observed a person playing at draughts in the street. He stopped, and thought to himself: "I will play with this person to dispel my grief;" and sat down beside the player, forgetful of the caution which his landlady had given him. The other agreed to let him play, on condition that whichever of them should lose should be bound to do whatever the winner should desire.¹ The merchant was soon beaten by his crafty opponent, who, upon this, required him to "drink up the waters of the sea," a demand at which the merchant was confounded and perplexed. The report spread through Kāshgar, and a crowd soon collected. Another of the gang had but one eye, which was blue, the colour of the merchant's eyes. "You have stolen my eye," said he to the merchant, and he claimed it in the presence of the crowd. A third produced a stone, and said: "Make from this piece of marble a pair of trousers and a shirt."²

The story soon spread, and all Kāshgar was in a bustle. The old woman, hearing of it, hastened from her house, and saw her lodger involved in difficulty. She was surety for him, with ten householders, that she would deliver him, when required, to the court of justice. When they reached home, she reproached him, saying: "When a man listens not to advice, fresh calamities will constantly overtake him. Did I not tell you to have absolutely no dealings with the inhabitants of this city— no intimacy with them?"— "It was no fault of yours," replied the youth; "but there is no remedy against the decrees of destiny." He was much dispirited, but she consoled him. "Be not downcast," said she; "for joy succeeds to grief; there can be no cure till there be a complaint. In this city there is a blind old man, with neither power in his feet nor strength in his hands; but a man of great intelligence and acuteness. Those sharpers assemble nightly at his house, and are directed by him how to act. Do you this night dress yourself like them, and repairing to his house sit silent among them. When your adversaries shall enter and relate their adventures of the day, mark his answers and his questions. Be all ear there, like the rose; like the narcissus, be all eye and silent."

The young man did as she desired, and repairing thither at night, quietly seated himself in a corner. The first who entered was the person who had bought the sandal-wood. He related his adventure. "I have bought a quantity of sandal-wood," said he, "for which I am to give one measure of whatever the seller may choose." "O simpleton!" exclaimed the old man, "you have thrown yourself

¹ "Otherwise, surrender all his property" must, of course, be understood to be the alternative.

² As the merchant is not stated to have been engaged in play with this sharper, there is probably something omitted here by the copyist.

into the net. This crafty merchant has over-reached you, my son. For if he should demand of you neither silver nor gold, but a *sā*¹ of male fleas, with silken housings and jewelled bridles, and all linked together with golden chains, say, how will you be able to extricate yourself from this difficulty?" "How," replied the sharper, "could that simpleton ever think of such a trick?" "However that may be," said the old man, "I have given you your answer."

Next entered the draught-player, and related the adventure of the game. "I have beaten him at draughts," said he, "and have bound him to this condition (and there are witnesses to our agreement), that he shall drink up the whole waters of the sea."—"You have blundered," replied the old man, "and have involved yourself in difficulty. You thought you had taken him in: in imagination you had caught him in a snare from which there was no escape. But suppose he should say: 'First, pray stop all the streams and rivers that are flowing into the sea, before I drink it dry;'² what possible answer can you return?"—"How," said the knave, "could he, in his whole life, think such a thought?"

Next the other sharper entered a knave more shameless than the other two. "I desired him," said he, "to make with his own hands a pair of trousers and a shirt from this slab of stone." The crafty old man replied: "You have managed worse than all. For if your opponent should say: 'Do you first weave me from iron the thread to sew it with,'³ how will you be able to reply?"—"How should a simpleton like him think of such an idea?" said the sharper.

The man with one eye next came in. "That youth," said he, "has blue-eyes. I said to him: 'This is my eye; it is evident to every one that you have stolen it; restore it, and return my other eye its fellow.'"—"O ignorant of the wiles of the age," replied the old man; "your fortune is more adverse than that of all the rest."

¹ The *sā*, according to Falconer, is a measure containing four bushels. Lane says that it is (in Egypt) very nearly equal to six English pints and two thirds.

² In the old German folk-book, which recounts the exploits of Tyl Eulenspiegel, the arch-roguer is commanded to state the quantity of water in the sea, and returns the same answer as this suggested by the blind old man. This also occurs in one of Sacchetti's novels, but the reply is somewhat different.

³ A jest very similar to this is found in the Talmud. An Athenian, walking in the streets of Jerusalem one day, saw a tailor seated on his shop-board, busily plying his needle, and picking up a broken mortar, he asked him to be so good as put a *patch* upon it. "Willingly," replied the tailor, taking up a handful of sand and offering it to the joker; "most willingly, sir, if you will first have the goodness to make me a few threads of this material."

Suppose he should say: 'Pluck out your one eye, and then I will pluck out one of mine, that we may put them both in scales and judge by their weight whether you are right.' That man will then have one of his eyes remaining, while you will be quite blind."— "He will never," said the other, "think of such a trick as that."¹

The young man listened, unobserved, to all that had passed, hastened home, and gave the woman a thousand thanks for having put him on a plan of foiling his adversaries. He passed the night in calmness and tranquillity. Next morning, when the parties appeared before the qāzī, the first, who had bought the sandal-wood, seized the merchant by the collar, saying: "Produce your measure, that I may fill it, and give you your due." When the merchant gave him his reply, he was confounded, and sat down mortified in presence of the qāzī. In like manner the merchant made to each of the rest the reply which the old man had suggested. At length, after a hundred difficulties and objections, the merchant consented to take back his sandal-wood, and several bags of gold as compensation; and he availed himself of the first opportunity which offered to escape from the power of those worthless people.

When his Majesty heard this tale, he blessed heaven that he had such a son; then, turning to his ministers and courtiers, he inquired to whom they considered him indebted for such a blessing. The first said: "To the prince's mother, who attended carefully to his bringing-up." Another ascribed his excellence to his father; another to the attention of Sindibād; "for," said he, "if the sun withhold his glance, how could the stone be converted into a ruby or a

¹ In the Calcutta, Būlāq, and Breslau Arabic texts, the merchant, after disposing of his sandal-wood, is accosted by the one-eyed man, and obtains a day's respite, having provided surety; his shoe having been torn in the scuffle, he takes it to a cobbler, saying: "Repair it, and I will give thee what will content thee;" then he plays at dice with a fourth sharper, and, losing the game, is required to drink up the sea, or surrender all his property. The blind old man tells the cobbler that the merchant might say to him: "The sultan's troops have been victorious, and the number of his children and allies is increased— art thou content?"— to which he dare not reply in the negative; and the dice-player might be asked to hold the mouth of the sea and hand it to him, and he would drink. In *Syntipas* and the *Libra de los Engannos*, as in the present version, the "stopping of the rivers" is the old man's suggestion; and the incident of the cobbler is not mentioned.— All that remains of this story in the unique Syriac MS. text, discovered by Rodiger, and printed, with a German translation, by Baethgen, is the opening sentence: "There was once a merchant, who bought a scented wood which is called aloe. When he heard"— and here it breaks off.

turquoise?”¹ Another said: “Nay; but to your Majesty’s ministers, who have been a shield interposed between the prince and calamity, so that the shaft of woman hath not taken effect.”

Then the eloquent Sindibād opened his mouth like the lily, and said: “There is none worthy of thanks or praise save God that God who bestows vision and hearing; for nothing proceeds from the blind and deaf. He it is who has bestowed on the prince his capacity and talent”

The king then asked the prince which of these opinions he considered as the best. The Prince replied by relating the

Story of the King’s Daughter and her Four Liberators.

A POWERFUL and mighty king, on the confines of Kashmīr, had an only daughter, of great beauty, whom he fondly loved. One day in spring she obtained permission of her father to visit the gardens which lay without the city. Here her tent was erected, and she sported for some time with her maidens, when suddenly, while she sat on the margin of a tank, there arose a dust and a great cloud, from which a black dīv² came forth, and seized and carried her off. Her maidens were frightened, and some tore their hair, others scratched their cheeks. When the king heard of the circumstance, he was filled with grief and affliction. When he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he caused it to be proclaimed that whoever should bring back his daughter should obtain her in marriage, along with half his kingdom.

There were in that city four persons of great ability. One was a guide, who had travelled over the world in the morning in China, at night in Khatā. The second, a daring freebooter, who would have taken the prey from the lion’s mouth. The third, a cavalier like Rustam,³ the model of Isfandiyār⁴ in fight. The fourth, a physician of blessed approach, whose breath possessed the life-giving virtue of the

¹ It was believed that rubies were common stones on which the sun had shone for ages.

² Dīvs are demons, corresponding in their power and disposition to the *evil* genii (all the genii, or jinn, are not bad) of the Arabians, and to the Rakshasas of the Hindūs.

³ Rustam, the Hercules of the Persians, whose exploits are recorded in the *Shāh Nāma* (Book of Kings), the grand epic, or rather series of epics, of the celebrated poet Firdausī.

⁴ Isfandiyār, a renowned warrior, who was slain in battle by Rustam.

Messiah's.¹ All the four were sons of the same father and mother, and each had his peculiar gifts. On hearing the proclamation, they agreed that this was an enterprise suited for them. The guide led the way, and searched everywhere, while his brothers accompanied him. The dīv inhabited a cave in the mountains of Yaman. When they reached it, the robber, who was the most daring of the three, entered it, and brought the damsel out, the dīv being absent at the time. When he returned, and found this Laylī missing, he rushed out, troubled in heart like Majnūn,² and despatched a party of demons in their pursuit, bearing ponderous clubs on their shoulders. The warrior put them to flight with his sword. The damsel was dangerously ill, but the physician prescribed for her, and restored her to health.

Having thus achieved their task, they joyfully repaired to court, and each related his own achievement. The king was delighted, and grateful for the recovery of his daughter. He opened his treasury, and bestowed gifts on the poor. He sent for those four persons, to reward them. On the first he bestowed the tribute of the highways; the daring freebooter he made his kafādār, or protector of his person; [the physician he made his vazīr;] and the cavalier he seated on his throne, and gave him his daughter in marriage, according to his promise.³

Thus, every thing has its peculiar quality and recommendation. Honey possesses sweetness, but is unfit to make vinegar. One robs, another guides; one sells, another buys. Had not the guide led the way, who would have conducted them aright in that intricate research? Had not the robber entered the cave, who would have brought the damsel out? Had not the warrior fought, who would have opposed the army of demons? Had not the physician prescribed, the damsel would not have been restored to health.

["Although this tale is very disordered," adds the Prince, "it is yet an example of the circumstances of this slave (himself). Were hearts without sins, of a certainty the earth would have remained void of God's mercy. (Do thou, then, overlook my shortcomings.) Had there not been a counselling master, surely, in the 'ABC' school, things would have been hot. Had I not borne this effort and trouble, the foot of endeavour had not descended to the treasure. Had not my body been healthy— if all remedies for weakness had been weak— how could I

¹ See [note](#) 1, page 40.

² Majnūn and Laylī are the names of two Arabian lovers, whose constancy is celebrated throughout Islam; they are the Romeo and Juliet, the Abelard and Heloise, of Oriental poets and romance writers. The great Persian Nizāmī (13th century) composed a beautiful poem on the Loves of Laylī and Majnūn, which has been translated into English verse by Atkinson.

³ See Appendix, [No. 22](#).

have so struggled and kicked?— how had I arrived thus at the desiderated place? All is the ‘unmerited goodness’ of the Sustainer (God), and enough! For no deed ariseth from the hand of man.”

When the Prince concluded, the king and his vazīrs were warm in their applause.¹

The title of the next chapter is as follows:

*The End of the Affair of the Damsel, who was taken in her own Device, and punished by the word of the Prince.*²

Only a page of this chapter remains. The Damsel is made to sit on her knees opposite the Prince, who is in the same posture, before the king’s throne. The Prince says: “O king of the world, I have no witness except God! This violence did not proceed from me, for one must needs be ashamed thereof. God knows that his slave (himself) is good; seek not good from those who know not God.” The king treated that sinner (the damsel) with contempt: “This is the time of question and

¹ Professor Comparetti justly complains that, so careless has Falconer been at this part of his work, one does not know from it whether this final tale is told by the Prince or by Sindibād. We are first informed that it is related by the Prince, and afterwards that “when *Sindibād* had concluded,” etc. The story, as the title in the manuscript shows, is certainly told by the prince, and the comments upon it seem also to be his, since Sindibād is not mentioned in connection with this tale. Falconer has thus rendered the story-teller’s concluding observations, which he puts into the mouth of the sage: “This tale and these remarks are applicable to my own case and that of the prince. Had not I exerted myself, and he possessed talent, all would have been in vain. But everything is due to the goodness of God, without whose aid all human efforts are vain.”

² *Sar-anjāmi kāri kanīzak, ki ba ‘amali kh’ud giriftār shud; wa ta’zīri u ba qawli shah-zāda.*

According to Falconer’s rendering, “the Damsel is *pardoned* at the intercession of the Prince.” The word *ta’zīr*, however, does not mean “pardoned,” but “punishing by severe stripes;” it also signifies “reproving.” From what remains, as follows above, of this important chapter, we cannot say which of the two meanings of the term is the more appropriate.

answer. Why hast thou blackened thy own face?¹ Why hast thou done evil against this innocent one? Had he ever done (aught wrong) to thee? Had he injured thee or thine? Thou hast made thyself an example in the world till the judgment day. See what thy deeds have brought to pass! See now, how just is thy retribution! As thou hast mingled the diamond with the draught, drink thou it first, for thou hast poured it out. Drink up the dregs, for it is thy turn. Why should the master of the feast act wrongfully? Seek not that for thyself which thou seekest not for others, for none who does evil sees good.” The damsel perspired like the (dew-sprout) rose for shame. She wept over her plight, and said: “Now have I no choice therein; not once, but a hundred times, have I done it. Order that they tear out my lily-tongue,² if thy slave (herself) has been free and bold.”³

* * * * *

The commencement of the next chapter is wanting. Sindibād has been making some remarks on the impossibility of avoiding destiny. The king then compliments him on the success with which he had educated the prince. “If I formerly had confidence in your wisdom and virtue,” said his Majesty, “it is now increased a hundredfold. You are aware what happy results you have produced, and what accomplishments you have imparted to my son. In return for your exertions in giving life to this ancient house, I will place your own family in

¹ In other words, “Why hast thou disgraced thyself?” In Persia criminals are often led through the streets with their faces blackened. When an ambassador has returned from a successful mission, or a general from a brilliant campaign, he is said to have “made his face *white* before the king.” This, as well as the other phrase, must be familiar to readers of Morler’s *Haji Baba*.

² The tongue is often, from its shape, likened to the leaf of the lily.

³ We are thus, unfortunately, left in ignorance of what was the end of the Damsel in this text. In the *Mishtë Sandabar*, she is pardoned at the intercession of the prince; in Nakhshabī’s Persian version (8th night of the *Tūtī Nāma*), she is hanged: in the Calcutta and Būlāq printed Arabic texts, she is banished from the city; in the *Libro de los Engannos*, the king orders her to be burnt in a dry caldron; in *Syntipas*, she is condemned to be driven through the city upon an ass, with her head shaved and her face blackened, accompanied by the criers to proclaim her crimes; in Scott’s *Seven Vazīrs*, a large stone is tied to her feet, and she is thrown into the sea.— See Appendix, [No. 23](#).

affluence and independence.” He then bestowed munificent gifts on the philosopher.

His Majesty next inquired: “Whence did you acquire all this wisdom and excellence, and at whose house did you light your taper?”— Mark how wise an answer the philosopher returned: “Reason, sire, was my instructor,” said he. “He who takes reason for his guide will conduct his affairs to a successful issue; for it is a drop from the ocean of God’s grace— a key to open— an unerring guide to conduct. I have plucked a rose from the garden of the intelligent; I have profited by the wisdom of the wise.¹ Never was there one like Farīdūn in wisdom, on whom may there be every moment a thousand benedictions! That wise, just, and pious monarch thus addressed the prince who was to succeed him: ‘Inscribe on the walls of my palace these counsels, fraught with wisdom, that my words may remain for ever as my memorial after me.’

Counsels which were inscribed around the Hall of the happy Faridun.

If thou possessest wisdom and understanding, lend not thine ear, as far as thou canst avoid it, to a tale-bearer. Such a person has no merit, unless it be this, that he carries a lie from Khatā to China. Grant not such a one a second audience; admit him not to a confidential interview.

Be not careless of an ill-disposed enemy; for negligence is not excusable under any circumstances, and whilst thou art engaged with other affairs, he is plotting how to injure thee.

Take not compassion on snake or serpent; for the one is a torment, the other a calamity.

If thou hast a friend sincere and accordant, make him thy constant associate.

Take not counsel with any save the wise; turn not from such a straight path.

Beware of the ignorant man and his conversation, schemes, and writing. Beware of the domestic enemy, whose reliance is on his ignorance and folly.

Leave not thorns in the highway, lest perchance thy own foot be wounded unaware.

The person whom thou hast not known all his life— to whom thou hast not given thy confidence— whose companion thou hast not been in travel (for in travel a man is exposed to perils) to whom thou hast given nothing, and from whom thou hast received nothing— place not reliance on that person, if thou art wise.

¹ Compare Sa’dī: “I have gathered something in each corner; I have gleaned an ear in every harvest.”

A demon whom thou knowest is better than a hūrī whom thou knowest not. Beware of speaking, except on occasions when thy speaking may be useful. So speak, that when them speakest again, thy words may be the same nay, better.

“How can there be [adds Sindibād] better counsels than those which have the warrant of Farīdūn?”

The king next interrogated the philosopher on the affairs of the world. “Accomplished sage,” said he, “who is deserving of sovereignty, and whom does the diadem become?”

“The answer,” replied the sage, “is clear as the sun. He deserves to wear a crown, he is worthy of dominion, who knows the worth and dignity of every one, and who pays to each the respect due to him. Entrust not important affairs to the mean man, for he will be impotent under the mighty load.”

Again the king asked: “Of monarchs, say, who is the most to be approved?—of the virtues of monarchs, which is the most laudable?”

“He,” replied the sage, “who examines an affair in all its bearings, who acts with prudence, and who is neither precipitate nor dilatory.”

Various other questions were then put by his Majesty, and answered to his satisfaction by Sindibād; after which he asks the prince to produce some such pearls of advice as those which his tutor had strung. The prince complies, and delivers a series of moral, prudential, and religious maxims, which serve to show that he had improved wonderfully under the tuition of Sindibād, but with which the reader will perhaps dispense. Suffice it to say, that the king was struck with admiration at the wisdom of his son; and being now in his seventieth year, reflected thus:

“How long,” said he to himself, “shall the wine-pitcher, the wine, the drum, and the lute engross thee? By thy arm and might didst thou seize the royal crown. Thou hast amassed treasures in abundance by shedding the blood of the weak, not by the hand of toil. Thou hast taken from him who had nothing, and bestowed on him who left behind him. Neither was he from whom those treasures were extorted guilty, nor he who received them deserving. Then what wisdom was there first in taking from such a one, and next in bestowing on the other?”

“But thou shalt be seized and receive the penalty of thy misdeeds in that day when every act shall be brought to light. What profit has resulted to thee from this life of seventy years? Go, make blind the eye of thy desire; prepare thy coffin, and benefit at least him who digs thy grave. Long enough have thy thoughts of Rūm, and thy projects on Khatā, engaged thee; go now, prepare thy provision for the journey of eternity. How long wilt thou continue the tormentor of the free-born? How long wilt thou devour the liver of the unfortunate?”

“Perhaps thou believest not in a resurrection; perchance thou reckest not of a day of judgment? This delusion proceeds from the clamour of the drum and

the bell: but wait until the blowing of the trump, and it will be dispelled. Employ the time that remains to thee in devotion; go, retire to a corner, and be at peace: henceforward seek distinction only as a recluse. Content thee with a barley loaf, and eat not the barley and the wheat of the poor. The time has now arrived to repent of thy misdeeds. Thank God that thou hast a worthy successor in thy son—that darling of thy heart—that pearl of thee, the oyster-shell. In knowledge he is far thy superior; in vigour and energy more powerful. Thy day and night are over: it is now his day. The tree which time has dried up, I should marvel were it to bear fruit. When the branches of the willow are decayed, who looks to it for shade? What can be better for thee than that thy son should succeed thee, and preserve thy name upon the earth?”

He thus spoke, and went, with faltering steps, into the corner of retirement. For a week he beheld not the face of man; gave his courtiers no audience, and assigned not to his vazīrs their various duties, but remained alternately engaged in prayer and praise.

The King has a Dream, sends for his Vazīrs and Officers of State, bestows in their presence the sovereignty on his Son, and goes into retirement.

WHEN the king awoke from that dream, and was roused from that high intoxication, he comprehended the good and the evil of life, and, on an auspicious day, summoned around his throne the ministers of religion, the nobles, vazīrs, and the generals of his army, and seated beside him on the throne his son and the sage Sindibād. Looking towards his left hand, where was his chief vazīr, he said:

“O worthy and experienced man! the world remains eternally to no one; but the Lord of the world remains, and he alone. In this life of seventy-five years, I have experienced but trouble, and sorrow, and suffering; and should I have yet seventy-five years more to live, would not that time also come to a close? My vision is dull; what was once strong is now weak. When the old man’s form is bent like a bow, do not suppose that there is any better course for him than retirement. When the hand that should wield the sword trembles, why should you talk of sword or hanger? Shall I tell you what gray hairs are? They are the heralds of misfortune—the messengers that bid cease to hope.”¹

¹ So, too, in the romance of the Four Dervishes, when King Āzādbakht discovered the first white hair in his beard, he exclaimed: “Death has already sent me a messenger!”

“Whether I am a king or an athlete, I am not higher in rank than Kay-Khusrau.¹ who resigned the sovereignty to Luhrāsp, and his knowledge in affairs to Jāmāsp. The time has arrived for me to retire: when age and its infirmities have come on, the crown and throne yield no pleasure. My sovereignty came to me from my father;² I now entrust it, as a deposit, to my son. You know that he is the centre of my hopes. If he be good, you have educated him; if evil, you have made him so.”

He then called his son to him, kissed his face, and, taking him by the hand, pressed him for a while in his embrace; after which, removing the crown from his head, he placed it on his son’s, seated him on the throne, and came down from it, while the crowd congratulated him with tears in their eyes.

“This,” said he, “is the memorial of his father: this son is my refuge, and my dispeller of grief. To him do I resign my kingdom, hoping that you will reward me by your loyalty to him, and that you will not allow a stranger to occupy the place of this house.”³

¹ Kay-Khusrau (Cyrus), the third king of the Kayānī (Median) dynasty of ancient Persia. He ascended the throne in the lifetime of his grandfather, Kay-Kāūs, who resigned the crown in his favour. He had many battles with Afrāsiyāb, King of Turān, who was at last defeated, captured, and slain. Soon afterwards Kay-Khusrau resolved to devote the remainder of his life to religious retirement; he resigned his throne to Luhrāsp, the son-in-law of Kay-Kāūs, and his own son by adoption and affection. Then he went with many of his nobles to a spring which he had fixed upon as the place of his repose. Here he disappeared (like Arthur and other favourite heroes of romance, he did not die), and all who were with him were overtaken by a great snow-storm and perished.

² Yet the damsel is previously represented ([page 79](#)) as reminding his Majesty that he had gained his kingdom by the sword; and the king himself says ([page 116](#)) that by his arm and might he had seized on the royal crown. Moreover, at the commencement of the tale we are informed that he was a mighty sovereign of India; while in another part of the text (not introduced into the present analysis) he is described as the Chosroes of Rūm and Kashmīr. Such contradictory statements are not uncommon in compositions of this kind.

³ The abdication of the king in favour of his son is omitted in *Syntipas* and the *Libra de los Engannos*; it is, however, in Nakhshabī’s *Tūtī Nāma* (8th Night), and in the *Seven Vazīrs* of Scott’s and the Breslau texts. In some manuscripts of the *Mishlê Sandabar*, a passage has been added, stating that Sandabar died, at the age of 130, contemporaneously with the king (Bibar), whose son then ascended the throne.

His son being accepted by the people, the aged king caused an oratory to be built for himself, closed the door against the interruptions of worldly business, and sat down in tranquillity and retirement. Happy fortune! happy end! happy king! happy reign! Henceforward he had no concern but devotion and the duties of religion.

Go,¹ learn from him how to govern how to cherish thy subjects. Turn not away from the counsels of the wise, but listen to the discourse of venerable worthies.

The Author's Concluding Remarks.

To me, too, the time of retirement has arrived: I, too, must totter to my corner. If he left to his son a kingdom, and betook himself to solitude, I likewise, for my dear and virtuous son, have left this renowned book, more valuable than treasure and wealth; a book by which, as long as Persian shall exist, as long as earth shall be beneath and heaven above, his name shall be perpetuated, whose end be happy! May the king not withdraw from him his favour; that king whose fortune may it be young, whose life long!

O God! withdraw not thy guidance from me: deprive me not of thy grace at last! My toilsome journey is accomplished: this new work has attained completion!



Prepared for www.wollamshram.ca/1001/Clouston/Sindibad_Main.htm
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¹ This exhortation seems addressed to the poet's royal patron, by whose command the work was composed.

APPENDIX

BELIEF in the Asiatic origin of many of the Fables and Tales of domestic life which afforded instruction and entertainment to the Middle Ages has for some time prevailed, and of late years the proofs have been multiplied by the industry of Oriental scholars. The evidence adduced has been of the most positive description. It is not built on probabilities, upon general and indefinite analogies, or on partial and accidental resemblances, but upon actual identities. Although modifications have been practised, names altered, scenes changed, circumstances added or omitted, we can still discover the sameness of the fundamental outline; and, amidst all the mystifications of the masquerade, lay our hands, without hesitation, upon the authentic individual. *Dr. H. H. Wilson* (1840).

No. I—p. 15.

THE CAMEL, THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE PUMPKIN.

Professor E. B. Cowell, of Cambridge, in an interesting paper contributed to the Welsh Society's journal (*Y Cymmrodor*), October, 1882, has adduced a number of variants of this tale, together with its oldest (Buddhistic) form, from which, with his kind permission, I make the following extracts:

"Readers of the *Mabinogion* will remember the curious legend of the oldest known animals, which is found in the story of Kilhwch and Olwen. We read there how Arthur's ambassadors went successively in search of tidings about Mabon the son of Modron, to the ousel of Cilgwri, the stag of Redynvre, the owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, the eagle of Gwern Abwy, and, finally, the salmon of Llyn Llyw, and each in turn gave some fresh proof of its greater age than its predecessors, but still referred the question to some animal of still more venerable antiquity than itself. Ap Gwilym, however, alludes to another version of the story, which, I am inclined to think, preserves an older form of this wide-spread piece of folk-lore. In his poem, *Yr Oed*, where he describes himself as waiting and waiting under the thorn for his faithless mistress, he says:

A thousand persons and more liken me
To him who dwelt in Gwernabwy;
In truth I should not be an eagle at all,
Except for my waiting for my fair lady three generations of men;
I am exactly like the stag
In Cilgwri, for my beloved;

Of the same colour, gray to my thinking,
As my bedfellow (the owl) in Cwm Cawlwyd.

Here we have only three animals instead of the five in the *Mabinogi*; and, as far as I can trace the story in Eastern literature, three is the usual number given, however the species of the animals themselves may vary. The legend itself, like so many other popular stories, came to Europe originally from India, and probably passed, together with Buddhism, into other countries. Its oldest known form is found in the Culla Vagga portion of the *Vinayapitaka*, one of the oldest parts of the Buddhist sacred books; and another version of it is given in the first volume of the *Jātakas*, lately translated by Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids. The former version, a translation of which I subjoin, can hardly be later than the third century B.C.

THE PARTRIDGE, THE MONKEY, AND THE ELEPHANT.

Long ago there was a great banyan tree on the slope of the Himalaya mountains, and three friends dwelt near it a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. They were disrespectful and discourteous to one another, and did not live harmoniously together. Then it occurred to them: "Oh, if we could but know which of us is the eldest, we could honour him and respect him, and show him duty and reverence, and abide by his exhortations." Then the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant: "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends," he replied, "when I was a child I used to walk over this banyan tree, keeping it between my thighs, and its topmost shoot touched my belly. This is the oldest thing that I remember." Then the partridge and the elephant asked the monkey: "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends, when I was a child I used to sit on the ground and eat the topmost shoot of this banyan. This is the oldest thing that I remember." Then the monkey and the elephant asked the partridge: "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends, in yonder place there was once a certain great banyan tree; I ate a fruit from it and voided it in this spot, and from it sprang this banyan. Therefore, friends, I am older than either of you." Then the monkey and the elephant thus addressed the partridge: "You, friend, are the oldest of us all; we will honour and respect you, and will show you duty and reverence, and will abide by your exhortations." Then the partridge stirred them up in the five moral duties, and also took those duties upon himself. They were respectful and courteous to one another, and lived harmoniously together, and after the dissolution of their bodies they were reborn happily in heaven.

"The same apologue occurs in the seventeenth of the *Avadānas*, or Indian apologues, translated by Julien from the Chinese. A curiously distorted version of the Buddhist legend is found in the *Uttara-kanda* of the Sanskrit *Rāmāyana*, the

later book which was added to the Rāmāyana to explain and amplify the brief allusions to earlier events which had been left obscure in the original poem. There we read that a vulture and an owl, who had lived in a certain wood from time immemorial, quarrelled about the possession of a certain cave, each claiming it to be his by ancient right. They eventually agreed to bring the matter before Rāma for his decision. On his asking them how long each claimed to have had the cave as a dwelling, the vulture replied: 'It has been my home ever since this earth was first filled with men newly come into being;' while the owl rejoined: 'It has been my home ever since this earth was first adorned with trees.' Rama then decided that the cave properly belonged to the owl, as trees and plants were originally produced before the creation of mankind from the marrow of two demons slain by Vishnu, whence the earth was called *Medinī* (from meda, marrow). Here we have only two animals introduced; Rāma, however, as the umpire, occupies the place of the third. "But," adds Professor Cowell, "we find the triad of interlocutors reappearing in the version of the story given in the *Sindibād Nāma*. This story reproduces the old dialogue, but the animals are changed, and a new point is added at the end."

But there is another form of the legend, current in Europe since the 12th century, in which men are substituted for animals, and which in one particular closely resembles the version in our text, namely, the well-known story of the Three Dreamers and the Loaf. In this form it seems to have been derived from the Arabian fabulists by Peter Alphonsus, who has related it, in his *Disciplina Clericalis* (fab. 17), as follows:

THE THREE TRAVELLERS AND THE LOAF.

It is related of two citizens and a countryman, going to Mecca, that they shared provisions till they reached there, and then their food failed, so that nothing remained save so much flour as would make a single loaf, and that a small one. The citizens seeing this said to each other: "We have too little bread, and our companion eats a great deal. Wherefore we ought to have a plan to take away from him part of the loaf, and eat it by ourselves alone." Accordingly a plan of this sort proved acceptable: to make and bake the loaf, and while it was being baked to sleep, and whoever of them saw the most wonderful things in a dream should eat the loaf alone. These words they spoke artfully, as they thought the rustic too simple for inventions of this sort. They made the loaf and baked it, and at length lay down to sleep. But the rustic, more crafty than they thought, whilst his companions were asleep, took the half-baked loaf, ate it up, and again lay down. One of the citizens, as if terrified out of his sleep, awoke, and called his companion, who inquired: "What is the matter?" He said: "I have seen a wondrous vision; for it seemed to me that two angels opened the gates of Paradise, and led

me within." Then his companion said to him: "That is a wondrous vision you have seen; but I dreamed that two angels took me, and, cleaving the earth, led me to the lower regions." All this the countryman heard, and pretended to be asleep; but the citizens, being deceived and wishing to deceive, called on him to awake. But the rustic replied cunningly, and as though he were terrified: "Who are they that call me?" Then they said: "We are your companions." But he replied: "Have you returned already?" To this they rejoined: "Where did we go, that we should return?" Then the rustic said: "Now it seemed to me that two angels took one of you, and opened the gates of heaven and led him within; then two others took the other and opened the earth and took him to hell; and seeing this, I thought that neither of you would return any more, and I rose and ate the loaf."

From Alphonsus— who may have obtained it from the *Historia Jeshuae Nazareni*, a scurrilous life of the Saviour, of Jewish invention, where it also occurs— this version was taken into the *Gesta Romanorum*, and at a later period Cinthio, the Italian novelist, introduced it into his *Hecatommithi*, where the characters are a philosopher, an astrologer, and a soldier. The tale has long been popular in our own country— a well-worn "Joe Miller," of an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman who travelled in company; the conventional Irishman "dreamt he was hungry, and got up and ate the loaf." ([Back](#))

No. II—p. 27.
THE KING OF THE MONKEYS.

A VARIANT of this tale is found in the *Pancha Tantra*, Sect, v, Fab. 10, to the following effect: The sons of a certain King Chandra used to feed a herd of monkeys. There was likewise at their court a herd of rams. One of the latter, a glutton, was in the habit of going to the kitchen to devour whatever he saw, and the cooks always beat him. The monkey king reflected that the quarrel between the ram and the cooks must lead to the destruction of the monkeys, because, if the cooks some day beat him with a burning log of wood, his wool would catch fire, he would run into the horses' stable close by, set fire to the stable, and cause injury to the horses; and as their wounds can only be healed by monkeys' fat, the monkeys will have to suffer. So he advised his tribe to go to the woods. They refuse, and as their king's prediction is eventually fulfilled, he vows revenge on King Chandra, and induces him to go with his suite to a certain pond where pearl necklaces are to be procured. In that pond all the suite are devoured by a Rákshasa, whereupon the monkey king, climbing on a tree, tells King Chandra of the revenge he has taken on him.

No. III—pp. 31 and 141.
THE MERCHANT, HIS WIFE, AND THE PARROT.

THERE must be few readers who are not familiar with this story through the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, but it was popular several centuries before that celebrated collection was rendered into English from Galland's French translation, as it is one of the tales of the *Seven Wise Masters* and the [Seven Sages](#), old English prose and metrical versions of the *Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ*, or of *Dolopathos*, which are Latin and French adaptations of the Book of Sindibād. In our common version of the *Thousand and One Nights*, the Story of the Parrot is told (in the introduction) by King Yunan, when his counsellors urged him to put the sage Dūbān to death; but in the Būlāq and Calcutta printed Arabic texts, the king says: "I should repent after it, as King Sindibād repented of killing his falcon;" then follows the well-known story of the king who killed his falcon, under the mistaken idea that it had, from mere wantonness, repeatedly dashed from his hand the cup of spring water, when he was about to drink, and afterwards found that a venomous serpent lay coiled at the spring-head.¹

The 68th chapter of Swan's *Gesta Romanorum* seems imitated from the Story of the Parrot: A certain king had a fair but vicious wife. It happened that her husband having occasion to travel, the lady sent for her gallant, and rioted in every excess of wickedness. Now one of her handmaids, it seems, was skilful in interpreting the song of birds, and in the court of the castle there were three cocks. During the night, while the gallant was with his mistress, the first cock began to crow. The lady heard it, and said to her servant: "Dear friend, what says yonder cock?" She replied: "That you are grossly injuring your husband." "Then," said the lady, "kill that cock without delay." They did so, but soon after, the second cock crew, and the lady repeated her question. "Madam," said the handmaid, "he says, 'My companion died for revealing the truth, and for the same cause I am prepared to die.'" "Kill him!" cried the lady, which they did. After this, the third cock crew. "What says he?" asked she again. "Hear, see, and say nothing, if you would live in peace." "Oh, don't kill him," said the lady.

The frame, or leading story, of the Persian collection of Nakhshabī, entitled, *Tūtī Nāma*, Parrot-Book, or Tales of a Parrot, is similar to our tale: A man bought, for a large sum of money, a wonderful parrot, that could talk eloquently and intelligently, and shortly afterwards, a sharyk—a species of nightingale, according

¹ This story also occurs in the *Anvar-i Suhayli*, or Lights of Canopus, a Persian version, by Husain Vā'iz, of the work generally known in Europe as the Fables of Pilpay. Mr Lane thought fit in his admirable translation to substitute for this tale that of the Merchant and the Parrot, although in his (the Būlāq) text it is found in its proper place, in the tales of the *Seven Vazirs*.

to Gerrans, “which imitates the human voice in so surprising a manner, that, if you do not see the bird, you cannot help being deceived” and put it in the same cage with the parrot. When he was about to set out on a distant journey, he told his wife, that, whenever she had any important affair to transact, she must first ask the advice of the parrot and the sharyk, and do nothing without their sanction. Some months after he was gone, his wife saw from the roof of her house a very handsome young prince pass along the street with his attendants, and immediately became enamoured of him. The prince also perceived the lady, and sent an old woman to solicit an assignation with her on the same evening. The lady consents to meet him, and having arrayed herself in her finest apparel, proceeds to the cage, and first consults the sharyk upon the propriety of her intended intrigue; but the bird forbade her to go, upon which the lady in a rage seized the faithful bird, and dashed it on the ground, so that it instantly died. She then represented her case to the parrot, who, having witnessed the fate of his unhappy companion, prudently resolved to temporise with the amorous dame, and accordingly “commiserated her situation, quenched the fire of indignation with the water of flattery, and began a tale conformable to her temperament,” which he took care to protract till morning. In this manner, night after night, the parrot contrives to keep the lady at home until her husband’s return.— The first story the parrot relates, according to Gerrans (and also in Kāderī’s abridgment; but it is the 5th in MS. No. 2573, in the India Office), is of a merchant, who, having occasion to travel, left his wife and house in charge of a sagacious parrot— a cockatoo, according to Gerrans. During his absence his wife had an intrigue with a young man, who came to the house every evening; but on the merchant’s return, the discreet bird, while giving a faithful account of all other transactions, said not a word in reference to the lady’s merry pranks. The husband soon hears of them, however, from his neighbours, and punishes his wife. Suspecting the parrot to have blabbed, the lady goes at night to the cage, takes out the bird, plucks off all its feathers, and throws it into the street. In the morning, when the merchant misses his favourite bird, she tells him that a cat had carried it away, but he discredits her story, and thrusts her out of doors. Meantime the parrot had taken up his abode in a burying-ground, to which the poor wife now also retires; and the parrot advises her to shave her head and remain there fasting during forty days, after which she should be reconciled to her husband. This she does, and at the end of the prescribed period the parrot goes to his old master, and upbraids him with his cruel treatment of his innocent wife, adding that she had been fasting forty days in the burying-ground. The merchant hastens to seek his wife, asks her forgiveness, and they live together ever afterwards in perfect harmony. “In like manner,” adds the story-telling parrot, “I shall conceal your secret from your husband, or make your peace with him if he should find it out.”

The *Tūtī Nāma* of Nakhshabī was composed about A.D. 1320; it was preceded, according to Pertsch, by a similar Persian work, by an unknown author,

which was based upon a Sanskrit book, now lost, of which the *Suka Saptatī*, Seventy Tales of a Parrot, is only an abstract, and other sources. And here the question is suggested: Was the Sindibād story of the Husband and the Parrot imitated or adapted from the frame, or leading tale, of the original Sanskrit Parrot-Book, or was the idea of the latter taken from the Book of Sindibād? However this may be, the principal story of the *Tūtī Nāma* presents some points of resemblance to incidents in one of the numerous legends of the famous hero Rasalū, which are current in the Panjāb, namely, the story of Rāja Sirikop and Rasalū, kindly communicated to me by General James Abbott, from a small work which he had printed for private circulation, at Calcutta, in 1851. The conclusion of this legend seems to be the original of our old European tale of the cruel knight who caused the heart of his wife's paramour to be dressed and served up to her for supper. Rasalū, having slain the inhuman Rāja Sirikop, who played at dice for the heads of his guests, took away his infant daughter Kokla, and, when she was of age, married her. The Rana Kokla had seldom the society of her husband, as he was passionately devoted to the chase, but he left behind him, as spies upon her conduct, two birds, which could talk intelligently, a parrot and a mina, or hill starling. While Rasalū was absent on a hunting excursion, his young and lonely bride was seated at her window one day, when the handsome Rāja Hodi chanced to see her as he rode past. "And she saw him, and he took the place which Rasalū had left vacant in her heart. . . So Rana Kokla threw him down a rope, which she tied firmly to the balcony. And Rāja Hodi clambered up to the balcony by this rope, and entered the chamber of Rana Kokla. And the mina exclaimed: 'What wickedness is this?' Then Hodi went straight 'to the mina's cage and wrung its neck. So the parrot, taking warning, said: 'The steed of Rasalū is swift; what if he should surprise you? Let me out of my cage, and I will fly over the palace, and will inform you the instant he appears in sight.' And Kokla said: 'O excellent bird! do even as thou hast said,' and she released the bird from its cage. Then the parrot flew swift as an arrow to Dumtūr, and alighting upon Rasalū's shoulder, as he hunted the stag, exclaimed: 'O Raja, a cat is at your cream!'" The sequel is nearly identical with the catastrophe of the story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Day iv, Nov. 9, and the French tradition of Raoul de Coucy and the Lady of Fayel.— It is possible that the two birds of Rasalū may have suggested the frame of the Sanskrit prototype of the *Tūtī Nāma*. At all events, the legends of Rasalū and other ancient Indian heroes have been time out of mind the stock-in-trade of the wandering bards of the Panjāb, from whom General Abbott obtained this wild tale, among many others.¹

¹ In August last year (1883) Captain R. C. Temple, Cantonment Magistrate at Ambala, Panjāb, commenced the issue, in monthly parts (Trubner & Co., London), of "The Legends of the Panjāb," a work which must prove invaluable to students of comparative folk-lore.

Wonderfully-gifted parrots are the principal characters in many of the Hindū tales. The facility with which this bird imitates human speech, together with the doctrine of metempsychosis and the allied notion of a person being able by magical power to transfer his own soul into the dead body of any animal or bird, upon which, for example, the romance of King Vikram is based— probably induced the fablers of India to adopt the parrot as the favourite character in their fictions. But apart from the marvellous parrot of Oriental romance, it would appear from the accounts of grave authors, Western as well as Eastern, that the bird is not only capable of repeating words and phrases which it has been taught, but is possessed of considerable intelligence. Locke, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, relates a curious anecdote of a parrot which answered rationally several questions which it was asked by Prince Maurice, one of which was: “What do you there (i.e. at Marignan)?” The parrot replied: “I look after the chickens.” The prince laughed, and said: “You look after the chickens!” to which the parrot replied: “Yes, I; and I know well enough how to do it,” at the same time clucking in imitation of the noise made by the hen to call together her young ones.— Willoughby tells of a parrot which, when one said, “Laugh, Poll, laugh,” laughed, accordingly, and the instant after screamed out, “What a fool you are to make me laugh!” Rhodiginus mentions a parrot that could recite correctly the whole of the Apostles’ Creed, and of another that could repeat a sonnet from Petrarch. But these feats dwindle into insignificance when compared with the accomplishments of parrots referred to by the Arabian historian El-Ishāki (cited by Lane, *1001 Nights*, i, p. in, note 22), one of which could repeat the 36th chapter of the Qur’ān, the other recited the whole of the Qur’ān!— Goldsmith relates that a parrot belonging to Henry VII, having been kept in a room next to the Thames, in his palace at Westminster, had learned to repeat many sentences from the boatmen and passengers. One day, sporting on its perch, it fell into the water. The bird had no sooner discovered its situation than it called out: “A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!” A waterman, happening to be near the place where the parrot was floating, immediately took it up and restored it to the king, demanding, as the bird was a favourite, that he should be paid the reward it had called out. This was refused; but it was agreed that, as the parrot had offered a reward, the man should again refer to its determination for the sum he was to receive. “Give the knave a groat!” the bird screamed the instant the reference was made. ([Back](#))

No. IV—pp. 35 and 148.
THE DOUBLE INFIDELITY.

A VARIANT— possibly the original— of this widely-diffused story is found in the *Hitopadesa*, Book ii, Fable, 7, as follows:

“In the town of Dwārāvati a certain farmer had a wife, a woman of loose conduct, who used to amuse herself with the magistrate of the town and with his son. One day, as she sat diverting herself with the magistrate’s son, the magistrate himself arrived. When she saw him, she shut his son in the cupboard, and began sporting in the same manner with the magistrate. In the meantime, the herdsman her husband returned from the fold. On seeing him, she said: ‘O magistrate, do you, taking your staff, and putting on the appearance of anger, depart with haste.’ This was done; and now the herdsman, coming up, asked his wife: ‘Wherefore came the magistrate here?’ She replied: ‘For some cause or other, he is angry with his son, who, running away, came here, and entered the house. Him I have made safe in the cupboard. His father, seeking him, and not finding him in the house, is therefore going off in a rage.’ Then having made the youth come out of the cupboard, she showed him to her husband.”

The 9th tale of the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alphonsus is evidently a modification of the story:

“In former times there was a good man, who, on setting out on a distant journey, left his wife in charge of her mother. This old woman brought to the house a young man whom her daughter loved. It happened that, while they were seated at table, the husband returned unexpectedly and knocked at the door. The young woman rose to open the door to her husband. But the mother (who lived with the friend of her daughter) did not know what to do, because there was no place in which to hide him. So, while the daughter was opening the door to her husband, the old woman took a drawn sword and handed it to the youth, and told him to stand with it drawn at the door; and if the husband said anything to him, he should answer nothing. The youth did as the old woman told him; and when the door was opened, the husband of the girl saw him, and he stood quite still, and said: ‘Who art thou?’ He did not say a word, but held the drawn sword in his hand, and the husband was perplexed at this. The old woman said to him: ‘Fair son, be quiet; let none hear you.’ Then the husband wondered more than before, and said: ‘Fair lady, who is he?’ The old woman said to him: ‘Three men were following him just now; we opened the door and let him enter here, and because he feared lest you be one of them, he will not answer you.’ ‘Lady,’ said the husband, ‘you did well;’ and he entered and called to the lover of his wife, and caused him to dine with him.”

This is also one of the Fabliaux; but it must have been from another version, more closely resembling the Sindibād tale, that Boccaccio derived his story of the lady of Florence and her two lovers (*Decameron*, Day vii, Nov. 6): To the one called Leonetto she was much attached; but the other, Lambertuccio, only procured her good-will by the power which he possessed, in consequence of his high rank and influence, of doing her an injury. While residing at a country seat, the husband of this lady left her for a few days, and on his departure she sent for Leonetto to bear her company. Lambertuccio, also hearing of the absence of the husband,

came to the villa soon after the arrival of her favoured lover. Scarcely had Leonetto been concealed, and Lambertuccio occupied his place, when the husband unexpectedly knocked at the outer gate. At the earnest entreaty of his mistress, Lambertuccio runs down with a drawn sword in his hand, and rushes out of the house, exclaiming: "If ever I meet the villain again!" Leonetto is then brought forth from concealment, and the husband is informed, and believes, that he had sought refuge in his villa from the fury of Lambertuccio, who, having met him on the road, had pursued him with an intention of putting him to death.— *Dunlop*.

From Boccaccio the story was reproduced in *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie* (a catchpenny book), printed about 1590; and eleven years later Samuel Rowlands turned it into verse, in his *Knave of Clubs*, under the title of "The Cuckold:" the lady's lovers are a courtier and a captain;— the former is hidden away on the arrival of the son of Mars, who, when the lady hears that her husband is coming, is instructed how to comport himself in his retreat:

So downe the staires he goes,
With rapier drawne, such feareful looks he shoves,
The cuckold trembles to behould the sight,
And up he comes, as he had met some spright.
Ah, wife, said he, what creature did I meete?
Hath he done any harme to thee, my sweete?
A verier ruffian I did never see;
The sight of him hath almost distracted me.
My loving husband, as I heere sate sowing,
Thinking no harme, or any evill knowing,
A gentleman comes up the staires amaine,
Crying, Oh, helpe me, or I shall be slaine:
I of compassion, husband (life is deere),
Under your bed in pittie hid him heere;
His foe sought for him with his rapier drawne,
While I with teares did wash this peece of lawne.
But when he saw he could not finde him out
(After he tossed all my things about),
He went downe swaggering even as you met him,
My saving the poore man so much did fret him.
A blessed deede, quoth he; it prooves thee wise:
Alas! the gentleman uneasie lies;
Wife, call him forth; I hope all danger 's past;
Good Bettris, looke that all the doores be fast.
Sir, you are welcome to my house, I vow,
I joy it is your sanctuary now,
And count myself most happy in the thing,

That such good fortune did you hither bring.
Sir, said the courtier, hearty thanks I give,
I will requite your kindness if I live.

But the story had found its way into an English jest-book many years before its appearance in *Tarlton's Newes*, even before Boccaccio's tales were translated in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*. In *Tales and Quiche Answeres, very Pleasant and Mery to Rede*, 1535, it is told of an innkeeper's wife near Florence. While she was entertaining one lover, another came "up the ladder," and she bade him be off." But for all her words, he would not go away, but still pressed to come in. So long they stood chiding that the good-man came upon them, and asked them why they bawled so. The woman, not unprovided with a deceitful answer, said: Sir, this man would come in perforce to slay or mischief another that is fled into our house for succour, and hitherto I have kept him back.— When he that was within heard her say so, he began to pluck up his heart, and say he would be revenged on him without. And he that was without made a face as he would kill him that was within.— The foolish man her husband inquired the cause of their debate, and took upon him to set them at one. And so the good silly man spake and made the peace between them, yea, and farther, he gave them a gallon of wine."

In all the Eastern texts, excepting the Persian and Scott's versions, the story of the Double Infidelity is preceded by another, related by the same vazīr:

THE INFECTED LOAVES.

A CERTAIN man was very particular in his food, and could not eat anything that he suspected to be unclean. In the course of a trading journey he came to a town, and sent his servant to buy some bread. The servant returned with two loaves, which his master relished so much that he told him always to procure him the same bread. This he did for some time (25 days, according to the Breslau text), until one day the servant returned without any bread, saying that the woman of whom he had hitherto bought the loaves had no more to sell. The merchant then sends for the woman, and asks her how the bread she had sold his servant was so pleasantly flavoured. She explains, to the infinite disgust of the man who was so particular in his food— and doubtless the explanation will be not less disgusting to the reader that her master had suffered from blisters on his back, for which the doctor prescribed a poultice of flour mixed with honey and oil;— she took the poultice each day, when it was removed for a fresh one, and made it into a loaf, which the merchant's servant had bought of her daily. But now that her

master was cured (in the Breslau text he was dead), she could supply no more loaves. ([Back](#))

No. V— pp. 37 and 144.
THE FULLER AND HIS SON.

IN three other Arabic texts of the *Seven Vazīrs*, this rather pointless story— which, however, belongs to the original Book of Sindibād— is followed by a second related by the Damsel, of

*THE BLACKGUARD,*¹

who devised a diabolical plan to procure the disgrace of a merchant's wife, whose virtue he had unsuccessfully attempted. The story is very objectionable in its details, and must therefore be passed over. ([Back](#))

No. VI—p. 39.
THE TWO PARTRIDGES.

THIS is a very different story from that of the Two Pigeons as found in the Syriac, Greek, Hebrew, and old Castilian versions, yet it may— Comparetti's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding— be the older form. The story of the Two Pigeons is omitted in all the Arabic texts of the *Seven Vazīrs*. It reappears, as follows, in the *Anvār-i Suhaylī*:

THE TWO PIGEONS.

They have related that a pair of pigeons had collected some grains of corn in the beginning of summer, and stored them up in a retired place as a hoard for winter. Now that corn was moist, and when summer drew to a close, the heat of the atmosphere had such an effect upon the corn, that it dried up, and appeared less than it did at first. During these days the male pigeon was absent from home. When he came back and observed that the corn appeared to be less in quantity,

¹ Alfāsīk: a worthless, impudent fellow; a scoundrel, etc.

he began to reproach his partner, and said: "We had laid up this grain for our food in winter, so that when the cold became excessive, and from the quantity of snow, no corn was to be found on the fields, we might support ourselves with this. At this time, when pickings are to be met with in mountain and plain, why hast thou eaten our supplies? and why hast thou swerved from the path of prudence? Hast thou not heard, pray, that the sages have said:

Now that thou hast food in plenty,
Do thy best it up to store,
That thou may'st still have abundance
When the harvest-time is o'er."

The female pigeon said: "I have eaten none of this grain, nor have I used any of it in any way whatever." As the male pigeon saw that the grain had decreased, he did not believe her denial, and pecked her till she died. Afterwards, in the winter, when the rain fell incessantly, and the marks of dampness were evident on door and wall, the grain imbibed moisture and returned to its former state. The male pigeon then discovered what had been the cause of the apparent loss, and began to lament and to bewail his separation from his affectionate partner. Thus he wept bitterly, and said: "Grievous is this absence of my friend, and more grievous still that repentance is unavailing.

With prudence act, for haste will cause thee pain
And loss, and to regret the lost is vain."

And the moral of this story is, that it behoves a wise man not to be precipitate in inflicting punishment, lest, like the pigeon, he suffer from the anguish of separation.

In the Syriac, Greek, and old Castilian versions, the *vazīr* who relates the story of the Two Pigeons has for his second a rather stupid tale, which may be entitled

THE BREAD ELEPHANT.

A ploughman's wife was bringing him some bread in a basket when she was met in the forest by a robber, who, having first conversed with her, ate up all her bread, excepting a small portion which he made into the form of an elephant, slipped it into her basket, and then let her go. When she reached the field where her husband was ploughing, and opened the basket, she discovered the robber's trick, and, to excuse herself, told her husband that she had dreamt some evil

threatened him, which might be averted by his eating a small image of an elephant made of bread.— The story is also found in the *Suka Saptatī* and Nakhshabī's *Tūtī Nāma*.
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No. VII pp.—50 and 150.
THE PRINCE AND THE GHŪL.

THE pretended damsel's account of herself differs materially in the Persian text from that in the *Seven Vazīrs* and other versions. In the Persian she represents herself as having become enamoured of the prince from seeing his beauty from the terrace of her mansion; then she "points to her abode," and they proceed "till they reach a desolate spot." This is certainly not quite so plausible as what she says in the Arabic texts— that she fell from her litter on the way to be married to a certain prince. The conclusion, too, varies quite as much, so far as we possess it in the Persian MS.— In the old Castilian version the Damsel introduces this tale of the "female devil" by warning the king, most absurdly, that his vazīrs would kill him, "*as a vazīr once killed a king*," since it relates that the son of the king was not killed, but returned in safety to his father.— In the Hebrew version the story of the Changed Sex is fused with this tale.

The Shah's own Story-teller gave Sir John Malcolm the following account of the nature and habits of ghūls, while "the Elchee" and his suite were passing through one of their favourite haunts: "The natural shape of these monsters is terrible, but they can assume those of animals, such as cows or camels, or whatever they choose, often appearing to men as their relations or friends, and then they do not only transform their shapes, but their voices also are altered. The frightful screams and yells which are often heard amid these dreaded ravines are changed for the softest and most melodious notes; unwary travellers, deluded by the appearance of friends, or captivated by the forms, or charmed by the music of these demons, are allured from their path, and after feasting for a few hours on every luxury are consigned to destruction. The number of these ghūls," added the worthy Hajjī, "has greatly decreased since the birth of the Prophet, and they have no power to hurt those who pronounce his name in sincerity and faith." (*Sketches of Persia*, [ch. xvi.](#))— In Russian Folk Tales the Baba Yagas perform the part of Ghūls, Rākshasas, etc. Luckily for their intended victims, they are endowed with but a small store of intellect, and are generally outwitted by the interesting heroes and heroines. ([Back](#))

No. VIII—p. 56.

THE SNAKE AND THE CAT.

It is somewhat strange that this story should be omitted in the *Seven Vazīrs*, and yet form one of the four tales of the *Seven Sages* which are common to all the Eastern texts of the Book of Sindibād. The story is thus related in a black-letter copy (preserved in the Glasgow University Library) of the *Seven Wise Masters*, the old English prose translation, by Copland, of the *Septem Sapientum Romæ*, or of a French rendering of it; where it is told by the First Master:

THE KNIGHT AND THE GREYHOUND.

There was a valiant knight which had one only son, the which he loved so much, that he ordained for his keepers three nowrishers. The first should give him suck, and feed him. The second should wash him, and keep him clean: and the third should bring him to his sleep and rest. The knight had also a greyhound and a falcon, which he also loved right well. The greyhound was so good, that he never run at any game, but he took it, and held it till his master came. And if his master disposed him to go into any battel, if he should not speed therein, anone as he should mount upon his horse, the greyhound would take the horse-tail in his mouth, and draw backward, and would also cry and howl marvelouslie loud. By these signs, and the due observation thereof, the knight did always understand that his journey should have very ill success. The falcon was so gentle and hardy, that he was never cast off to his prey but he took it.

The same knight had much pleasure in justing and tourney, so that upon a time under his castle he proclaimed a tournament, to the which came many great lords and knights. The knight entered into the tourney, and his ladie went with her maidens to see it: and as they went out, after went the nowrishers, and left the child lying alone there in the cradle, in the hall: where the greyhound lay near the wall, and the hawk or falcon standing upon a perch. In this hall there was a serpent lurking, or hid in a hole, to all them of the castle unknown, the which when he perceived that they were all absent, he put his head out of his hole, and when he saw none but the child lying in the cradle, he went out of his hole towards the cradle, for to have slain the child. The noble falcon perceiving that, and he beholding the greyhound that was sleeping, made such a noise and rustling with her wings presently, that the greyhound awoke, and rose up: and when he saw the serpent nigh the child, anone against him he leapt, and they both fought so long together, until that the serpent had grievously hurt and wounded the greyhound, that he bled so sore, that the earth about the cradle was all bloody. The greyhound, when that he felt himself grievously wounded and hurt, start fiercely upon the serpent, and fought so sore together, and so eagerly, that between them the cradle was overcast with the child, the bottome upward. And

because that the cradle had four pomels like feet, falling towards the earth, they saved the child's life and his visage from any hurt. What can be more exprest to make good the wonder in the preservation of the child? Incontinently hereafter, with great pain the greyhound overcame and slew the serpent, and laid him down again in his place, and licked his wounds.

And anon after the justs and tourney was done, the nowrishers came first into the castle, and as they saw the cradle turned the up side down upon the earth, compassed round about with blood: and that the greyhound was also bloody, they thought and said amongst themselves, that the greyhound had slain the child: and were not so wise as to turn up the cradle again with the child, for to have seen what was thereof befallen. But they said, Let us run away, lest that our master should put or lay the blame upon us, and so slay us. As they were thus running away, they met the knight's wife, and she said unto them, Wherefore make ye this sorrow, and whither will ye run? Then said they, O lady, wo and sorrow be to us, and to you. Why, said she, what is there happened? show me. The greyhound, they said, that our lord and master loved so well, hath devoured and slain your son, and lyeth by the wall all full of blood. As the lady heard this, she presently fell to the earth, and began to weep and cry piteously, and said, Alace, O my dear son, are ye slain and dead? What shall I now do, that I have mine only son thus lost? Wherewithal came in the knight from the tourney, beholding his lady thus crying and making sorrow, he demanded of her wherefore she made so great sorrow and lamentation. She answered him, O my lord, that greyhound that you have loved so much hath slain your only son, and lyeth by the wall, satiated with the blood of the child. The knight, very exceeding angry, went into the hall, and the greyhound went to meet him, and did fawn upon him, as he was wont to do, and the knight drew out his sword, and with one stroke smote off the greyhound's head, and then he went to the cradle where the child lay, and found his son all whole, and by the cradle the serpent slain; and then by diverse signs he perceived that the greyhound had killed the serpent for the defence of the child. Then with great sorrow and weeping he tare his hair, and said, Wo be to me, that for the words of my wife, I have slain my good and best greyhound, the which hath saved my child's life, and hath slain the serpent: therefore I will put myself to penance: and so he brake his sword in three pieces, and went towards the Holy Land, and abode there all the days of his life.

This story occurs in all the Western texts of the Seven Wise Masters, also in the Anglican *Gesta Romanorum*;— see Madden's old English versions, edited for the Roxburghe Club [xxvi], p. 86. A wolf takes the place of the snake in the well-known Welsh legend, which Edward Jones, in his *Musical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, vol. i, gives as follows: "There is a general tradition in North Wales that a wolf had entered the house of Prince Llywelyn. Soon after, the prince returned home, and going into the nursery, he met his dog Killhart all bloody and wagging

his tail at him. Prince Llywelyn, on entering the room, found the cradle where his child lay overturned and the floor flowing with blood: imagining that the greyhound had killed the child, he immediately drew his sword and stabbed it; then turning up the cradle found under it the child alive and the wolf dead. This so grieved the prince that he erected a tomb over his faithful dog's grave, where afterwards the parish church was built, and goes by the name Bedd Gelhart (the grave of Killhart), in Caernarvonshire. From this incident is derived a very common Welsh proverb: 'I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound.' "Prince Llywelyn ab Jowerth," adds Jones, "married Joan, a daughter of King John by Agatha, daughter of Robert Ferrers Earl of Derby, and this dog was a present to the prince from his father-in-law, about the year 1205." A curious instance, surely, of the transformation of an ancient Indian tale!

The Dog and Snake version reappears in the Italian novels of Sansovino (Day ix, N. i), in *Dolopathos* and *Eraslo*, and also in the *Facétieuses Journées*, and its oldest form is perhaps found in the *Pancha Tantra*, section v, fable 2:

THE SNAKE AND THE ICHNEUMON.

There was a Brāhman, named Déva Sarmá, whose wife had one son; she had also a favourite ichneumon that she brought up with the infant, and cherished like another child. At the same time, she was afraid that the animal would, some time or other, do the child a mischief, knowing its treacherous nature, as it is said: "A son, though ill-tempered, ugly, stupid, and wicked, is still the source of delight to a father's heart." One day the mother, going forth to fetch water, placed the child in the bed, and desired her husband to guard the infant, especially from the ichneumon. She then departed, and after a while the Brāhman himself was obliged to go forth to collect alms. When the house was thus deserted, a black snake came out of a hole, and crawled towards the bed where the infant lay; the ichneumon, who saw him, impelled by his natural animosity, and by regard for his foster-brother, instantly attacked him, and, after a furious encounter, tore him to pieces. Pleased with his prowess and the service he had rendered, he ran to meet his mistress on her return home, his jaws and face besmeared with blood. As soon as the Brāhman's wife beheld him, she was convinced that he had killed her child, and in her rage and agitation she threw the water-jar at the ichneumon with all her force, and killed him on the spot. She then rushed into the house, where she found the child still asleep, and the body of a venomous snake torn in pieces at the foot of the bed. She then perceived the error she had committed, and beat her breast and face with grief for the unmerited fate of her faithful little favourite. In this state her husband found her on his return. When he had told her the cause of his absenting himself, she reproached him bitterly for that greedy desire of profit, which had caused all the mischief.

In the *Hitopadesa*, the woman goes to make her ablutions after childbirth, and while she is absent the rāja sends for the Brāhman to perform for him a certain religious rite. The version in the *Pancha Tantra* is the only one in which the woman slays the faithful animal, and the Persian version is peculiar in representing the infant's mother as having died in giving it birth. The story as found in *Calila and Dimna* agrees with that in the *Hitopadesa*.

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No. IX—p. 58.
THE LIBERTINE HUSBAND.

IN all other texts, with the exception of Nakhshabī, this story is fused with that of the Go-Between and the She-Dog, but they certainly formed separate tales originally, as they are so found in the Sanskrit collection entitled *Suka Saptatī*, or Seventy Tales of a Parrot. According to Nakhshabī, when the wife is introduced to her own husband by the old procuress, she recognises him under her veil, throws it off, seizes hold of him, declares that she had adopted this device to entrap him, and accuses him of infidelity to the assembled neighbours. She then takes him before the qāzi, and obtains a divorce.

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No. X—p. 59.
THE MONKEY, THE FIG-TREE, AND THE BOAR.

A STORY in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*,¹ of the Monkey and the Porpoise, is sometimes cited as a parallel to this tale, but I cannot see any resemblance between them. An old monkey, having strayed from his troop into a forest on the sea shore, contracts a friendship with a porpoise, whose mate becomes jealous, and feigning illness, tells him that the only thing which could cure her is the heart of a monkey. With great reluctance the porpoise sets off to induce his friend the monkey to visit his dwelling; and as he carries him on his back through the water the monkey inquires the cause of his evident disquietude. The porpoise confesses that his wife longs for a monkey's heart, upon which the monkey informs him that

¹ "Ocean of the Rivers of Story," by Somadeva, 11th century; a poetical version of the Sanskrit prose work, *Vrihat Katha* (Great Story), written by Gunadhya, in the 6th century.

his heart is upon a tree in the forest, and that if the porpoise would return with him he should be made welcome to it. The porpoise accordingly conveys him back, and the monkey no sooner touches the land than he leaps into a tree, and calls the porpoise a fool for believing that any animal keeps his heart outside his body.

In *Syntipas* and the *Libra de Los Engannos*, the boar waited in expectation of having more figs thrown him, with his head raised, until the veins of his neck burst and he died therefrom. The story as told in the *Anvār-i Suhaytī* is identical with the Persian version. The *Mishlê Sandabar* is the only Eastern text in which, in this tale, a man is substituted for the monkey, and from it the story in this form was taken into the *Septem Sapientum*: it is thus related in the black-letter copy of the *Seven Wise Masters* belonging to the Glasgow University Library:

THE BOAR AND THE HERDSMAN.

There was sometime an emperor, the which had a great forest, wherein was a wild boar, which was so cruel and so fierce, that he killed and devoured men going through the forest. The emperor therefore being right heavy, proclaimed throughout all his dominions, that whosoever he was that could slay the boar, should have his only daughter to wife, and therewith his empire after his death: and as this was in places proclaimed, there was not one man found that durst give this adventure. But there was a shepherd who thought in himself: Might I the boar overcome and slay, I should not only advantage myself, but also my generation and kindred. So then he took his shepherd's staff in his hand and went to the forest: and as the boar had of him a sight, he drew towards the herdsman, but he for fear climbed upon a tree, and then the boar began to bite and gnaw the tree. So the herd thought shortly that he would have overthrown it. This tree was loaden with great plenty of fruit, and the herd gathered and plucked thereof, and cast them to the boar, insomuch that when he was filled therewith, he laid him down to sleep: the which when the herd perceived, by little and little descended the tree, and with the one hand he clawed the boar, and with the other held him upon the tree, and seeing that the boar slept very soundly, he drew out his knife, and smote the boar to the heart, and killed him. And so shortly after he wedded the emperor's daughter: and after the death of her father, he was made emperor.

Then said she [the empress], My lord, wot ye not what I have said? He said, Right well. Then said she, This mighty boar betokeneth your most noble person, against whom may no man withstand, neither by wisdom nor with strength. This shepherd, with his staff, is the person of your ungracious son, who with his staff of cunning, beginneth to play with you, as the herdsman clawed the boar, and made him to sleep and after killeth him. In the same manner the masters of your son, by their false fables and narrations claw you, and glose with you, until the time that your son slay you, that he may reign. Then said the emperor, God forbid

that they should do to me as he did to the wild boar: and he said unto her, This day my son shall die: and she answered, If you do so, then do ye wisely.

The story of the Wild Boar is not found in any of the texts of the *Seven Vazīrs*. ([Back](#))

No. XI—pp. 61 and 162.
THE GO-BETWEEN AND THE SHE-DOG.

It is very significant that in this story as related in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Alphonsus (A.D. 1106), the fabliau of *La vielle qui séduisit la jeune fille*, the *Gesta Romanorum* (13th century), and the collection of mediæval tales written in Latin, edited, for the Percy Society, by Wright (No. xiii, *De dolo et arte vetularum*), the incident of the Libertine Husband does not occur; but— as in the Sanskrit *Suka Saptatī* and our Persian *Sindibād Nāma* the scruples of the virtuous matron are done away by the old hag's device, and the lover is introduced to her. In the *Suka Saptatī* the lady is the wife of a prince; a young man becomes enamoured of her, and his mother, seeing him fading away because of his love, adopts the expedient of the dog, and persuades her to grant her son an interview.

The oldest form of the story is probably that of the Cunning Siddhikari, in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*: A Buddhist priestess has been employed by four young merchants to corrupt Devasmitā, the wife of a merchant, and with this object she pays a visit to the virtuous lady. The narrative thus proceeds:

“As she approached the private rooms of Devasmitā, a she-dog, that was fastened there with a chain, would not let her come near, but opposed her entrance in the most determined way. Then Devasmitā, seeing her, of her own accord sent a maid, and had her brought in, thinking to herself: ‘What can this person be come for?’ After she had entered, the wicked ascetic gave Devasmitā her blessing, and, treating the virtuous woman with affected respect, said to her: ‘I have always had a desire to see you, but to-day I saw you in a dream, therefore I am come to visit you with impatient eagerness; and my mind is afflicted at beholding you separated from your husband, for beauty and youth are wasted when one is deprived of the society of one's beloved.’ With this and many other speeches of the same kind she tried to gain the confidence of the virtuous woman in a short interview, and then, taking leave of her, she returned to her own house. On the second day she took with her a piece of meat full of pepper-dust, and went again to the house of Devasmitā, and there she gave that piece of meat to the she-dog at the door, who gobbled it up, pepper and all. Then, owing to the pepper-dust, the tears flowed in profusion from the animal's eyes, and her nose began to run. And the cunning ascetic immediately went into the apartment of Devasmitā, who received her hospitably, and she began to cry. When Devasmitā

asked her why she shed tears, she said, with affected reluctance: 'My friend, look at this dog weeping outside here. This creature recognised me to-day as having been its companion in a former birth, and began to weep; for that reason my tears gushed through pity.' When she heard that, and saw that she-dog outside apparently weeping, Devasmitá thought for a moment to herself: 'What can be the meaning of this wonderful sight?' Then the ascetic said to her: 'My daughter, in a former birth, I and that dog were the two wives of a certain Brāhman. And our husband frequently went about to other countries on embassies by order of the king. Now while he was away from home I lived with other men at my pleasure, and so did not cheat the elements of which I was composed, and my senses, of their lawful enjoyment. For considerate treatment of the elements and senses is held to be the highest duty. Therefore I have been born in this birth with a recollection of my former existence. But she, in her former life, through ignorance, confined all her attention to the preservation of her character, therefore she has been degraded and born again as one of the canine race; however, she too remembers her former birth.'¹ The wise Devasmitá said to herself: 'This is a novel conception of duty; no doubt this woman has laid a treacherous snare for me;?' and so said to her: 'Reverend lady, for this long time I have been ignorant of this duty, so procure me an interview with some charming man.' Then the ascetic said: 'There are residing here some young merchants that have come from another country, so I will bring them to you.'

The wicked ascetic returns home delighted with the success of her stratagem. Meanwhile Devasmitá resolves to punish the four young merchants. So calling her maids, she instructs them to prepare some wine mixed with *datura* (a stupifying drug), and to have a dog's foot of iron made as quickly as possible. Then she causes one of her maids to dress herself to resemble her mistress. The ascetic introduces one of the young libertines into the lady's house in the evening, and then returns home. The maid, disguised as her mistress, receives the young merchant courteously, and, having persuaded him to drink freely of the drugged wine till he becomes senseless, the other maids strip off his clothes, and, after branding him on the forehead with the dog's foot, during the night push him into a filthy ditch. On recovering consciousness he returns to his companions, and tells them, in order that they should share his fate, that he had been robbed. The three other young merchants in turn visit the house of Devasmitá, and receive the same treatment. Soon afterwards the pretended devotee, ignorant of the result of her device, visits the lady, is drugged, her ears and nose are cut off, and she is flung into a foul pond. In the sequel, the lady, disguised in man's apparel, proceeds to the country of the young libertines, where her husband had been residing for some time, and, going before the king, petitions him to assemble all

¹ "This contrivance," remarks Professor H. H. Wilson, "is quite consistent with the Hindu notion of the metempsychosis, and is clearly of Indian origin."

his subjects, alleging that there are among his citizens four of her slaves who had run away. Then she seized upon the four young merchants, and claimed them as her slaves. The other merchants indignantly cried out that these were reputable men, and she answered that if their foreheads were examined they should be found marked with a dog's foot. On seeing the merchants thus branded, the king was astonished, and Devasmitā thereupon related the whole story, and all the people burst out laughing, and the king said to the lady: "They are your slaves by the best of titles." The other merchants paid a large sum to the chaste wife to redeem these four from slavery, and a fine to the king's treasury. And Devasmitā having received the money, and recovered her husband, was honoured by all men, returned to her own city, and was never afterwards separated from her beloved.

It will be observed that in this old Indian version the denouement is more moral than in any others: instead of the lady yielding, she entraps successively the four young merchants and their go-between, and punishes all of them in the most edifying manner. [\(Back\)](#)

No. XII—p. 63.
THE PRETENDED WIDOW.

NOTHING at all resembling this fragment is found in any of the Eastern texts represented in our Comparative Table. Without the commencement it is difficult to guess at the details of the story. Perhaps the lady, in her husband's absence, had gone to the house of an old lover, under some false pretences; she is apparently disguised, and so is not recognised by him; then she gets drunk there, and discovers herself to him in her joy to be near him again, and is maltreated in consequence. She pretends to her neighbours that it is all her own doing, because of her grief for the news of her husband's death. When he comes, however, she turns the tables on him, and he pays off the debts she had incurred during his absence.

In the manuscript, on the first of the three remaining pages of the story (fol. 177), there is a painting of the "tresses" scene: A young man is seated, holding the lady's severed hair in his right hand, near his left is a wine bottle overturned, and two others are introduced to show there has been a drinking-bout going on; the lady, with her hair cut off and her face apparently flushed and idiotic, stands near the youth; while at a short distance is a figure which seems meant rather for that of a eunuch than an old woman, "biting the finger of astonishment." It is not very clear from the text whether by "the old companion" who "leaped into her suddenly" we are to understand the old lover, or this unsexed personage probably the former. I should suppose the *Suka Saptatī* likely to contain the complete story, or something similar.

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No. XIII—p. 65.
THE FATHER-IN-LAW.

THIS story is found in the 8th Night of Nakhshabī's *Tūtī Nāma* (where it is told by the 5th vazlr) and also in the modern version of its Sanskrit prototype, the *Suka Saptatī*. Readers of Lane's translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* will probably recollect a more elaborate conversation by signs in the touching story of 'Aziz and 'Azlza, where the young man's cousin and betrothed interprets the amorous lady's symbols; for instance: She tucked up her sleeves from her forearms, and opening her five fingers, struck her bosom with them (with the palm and five fingers); next she raised her hands, and held forth a mirror from the lattice, and took a red handkerchief and retired with it; after which she let it down from the lattice towards the street three times, letting it down and raising it, and then wringing and twisting it with her hand and bending down her head; meaning thereby: "Come hither after five days; seat thyself at the shop of the dyer [indicated by the dipping and wringing of the red handkerchief], until my messenger shall come to thee."— Lane remarks, that "the inability of numbers of Eastern women in families of the middle classes to write or read, as well as the difficulty or impossibility existing of conveying written letters, may have given rise to such modes of communication."

Another example of conversing by signs occurs in the Story of the Minister's Son, in the Sanskrit collection entitled *Vetalapanchavinsati* (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon). The prince and his companion, the minister's son, discover a lady bathing in a tank; and the prince and the damsel become immediately enamoured of each other. The lady took a lotus from her garland of flowers, and put it in her ear; she then twisted it into an ornament called *dantapatra*, or tooth-leaf; then she took another lotus and placed it significantly upon her heart. The minister's son explains these signs: the lady lives in such a place; she is the daughter of a dentist there; her name is Padmavati, and her heart is wholly the prince's. An old woman (as usual) acts as go-between. The lady scolds her, strikes her on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor; meaning: "Wait for the remaining ten nights of moonlight, for they are unfavourable for an interview." A second time the old woman goes to the lady, who again pretends to be angry with her, and strikes her on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye; meaning:— "I cannot receive you for three nights." A third time the lady receives her more graciously, but, instead of letting her go into the street by the usual way, she places her in a seat with a rope fastened to support it, and lets her down from a window into the garden of the house, where she must climb a tree, cross the wall, and let herself

down by another tree, and go to her own house; thus indicating to the prince the way by which he was to be admitted into the house.

Cardonne, in his *Mélanges de Littérature Orientale*, gives a variant of our story, with additions, from a Persian or Turkish collection. After the father-in-law (a merchant of Agra) has failed to convince his son of his wife's infidelity, by displaying the anklets, he is still resolved to open his eyes to her true character, at whatever cost. "There was at Agra a mysterious reservoir, much admired, constructed by some wise men, who had brought water into it under the conjunction of certain planets. The virtue of the water consisted in trying all kinds of falsehood. A woman, suspected of infidelity, swore she had been faithful, and was thrown into this tank, called the Tank of Trial; if she swore falsely, she instantly sank to the bottom, but if truly, she swam on the surface. The enraged father-in-law cited the lady to this tank, according to the right of every head of a family. Conscious of her guilt, the lady studied how to clear herself in the eyes of the world. Acquainting her gallant of her situation, she begged him to counterfeit madness, and to seize her in his arms the moment she was to undergo the trial. The lover, solicitous to save the honour and life of his mistress, made no difficulty to expose himself to the eyes of the spectators, and found an opportunity to approach and embrace her, which he effected by subjecting himself to a few blows, being deemed insane by those who did not know him.

"The suspected wife advanced to the edge of the tank, and, raising her voice, cried: 'I swear that I have never touched any man but my husband and that madman who has just insulted me. Let this water be my punishment if I have sworn falsely.' Having thus spoken, she threw herself into the tank. The water buoyed her up in the sight of all present, who unanimously declared her innocent, and she returned triumphant to the arms of her husband, who had always thought her faithful. But the old man could not give up the opinion he had formed from the evidence of his own eyes; he kept constant watch in the garden, but the lover and the lady discontinued their meetings.

"The vigilance of the father-in-law did not, however, abate. The king of India, being informed of his indefatigable care and attention, thought him a very proper person to superintend his harem, and appointed him to that responsible office. The old man discharged his duties with great severity; every one trembled before him, and his eyes seemed to penetrate the walls of the seraglio, even to its inmost recesses. One night as the unrelenting old fellow was going his usual rounds, he perceived the prince's elephant mounted by its driver. This privileged animal advanced to the balcony of the king's favourite wife, which opened, and the elephant, taking the lady upon his trunk, conducted her to his rider. After some time the lady was brought back again in the same manner, and set down in her balcony. The aga could not help laughing at the docility of the animal, the confidence of the lady, and the happiness of the guide. The adventure having taught him that the sultan was no more fortunate than his son, he took comfort,

and resolved to keep the lady's intrigue more secret than he had done that of his daughter-in-law.

From a fabliau, possibly, Margaret Queen of Navarre obtained the material of the 45th tale of her *Heptameron*, in which an officious neighbour, looking from his window, discovers a lady and her gallant in the garden; when she sees that they are being thus watched, she sends her lover away, and, going into the house, persuades her husband to spend what remains of the night with her in the same spot. In the morning the neighbour meets the husband and tells him of his wife's misconduct, but is answered: "It was I, gossip, it was I." ([Back](#))

No. XIV—p. 69.

THE ROBBER, THE LION, AND THE MONKEY.

PROFESSOR Benfey has pointed out, in his *Pancha Tantra*, the resemblance between this tale—which is not found in the *Seven Vazirs*—and one in the *Suka Saptatī*. The fate of the officious monkey finds numerous parallels in Asiatic folk-tales. For instance: In the story of "Ameen and the Ghool," related to Sir John Malcolm by the Shah's Story-teller, Ameen having outwitted the monster, who sought to slay him, while he slept, by the same device as that adopted by our own hero Jack, of giant-killing renown, the ghūl, on finding his intended victim alive and hearty in the morning, fled from his den in great terror, upon which Ameen took the opportunity of escaping. He had, however, only gone a short distance when he saw the ghūl returning with a large club in his hand, and accompanied by a fox. His knowledge of the cunning animal instantly led him to suspect that it had undeceived his enemy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. "Take that," said he to the fox, at the same time shooting him through the head. "That brute," said he to the ghūl, "promised to bring me seven ghūls that I might chain them and carry them to Isfahān, and here he has only brought you, who are already my slave." So saying, he advanced, but the ghūl had taken flight. (*Sketches of Persia*, [chap. xvi.](#))

Another parallel is found in the Kashmir folk-tale of "The Tiger and the Farmer's Wife:" One day a farmer went to his field to plough with his bullocks. He had just yoked them when a tiger walked up to him and saluted him; the farmer returned the salute, when the tiger said that the Lord had sent him to eat his two bullocks. The farmer promises that he will bring him a fine milch-cow instead; but his wife objects, and, putting on the farmer's best clothes, sets off, man-fashion, on the pony to where the tiger is waiting. She calls out: "I hope I may find a tiger in this field, for I have not tasted tiger's flesh since the day before yesterday, when I killed three." The tiger, on hearing this, turns tail and flees into the jungle, where he meets a jackal, who asks him why he runs so fast. "Because a tiger-eating

demon is after me.” The jackal tells him it is only a woman. But the tiger is still afraid, and the jackal and he knot their tails together, so that one should not escape at the other’s expense. When the woman sees them, she calls out to the jackal: “This is very kind of you, to bring me such a fat tiger; but considering how many tigers there are in your father’s house, I think you might have brought me two.” Upon this, the tiger flies off in a fright, dragging the jackal after him, and the latter is killed by being bumped against the stones. (*Indian Antiquary*, 1882.)

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No. XV—pp. 71-73.
THE PERI AND THE DEVOTEE.

It may possibly interest some students of comparative folk-lore to know that in the Persian version of this story the First Wish of the devotee is similar to that in the old Castilian version, *Libra de los Engannos et los Asayamentos de las Mugerres*, appended to Professor D. Comparetti’s most valuable *Ricerche intorno al Libro di Sindibād*. And it is perhaps worthy of note that the Turkish rendering of the story agrees, in this respect, with the Persian and old Castilian versions; which seems to show that the Ottoman translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* was made from a different text from the Calcutta or the Būlāq.

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No. XVI pp.—73 and 198.
THE CONCEALED ROBE—THE BURNT VEIL.

AN error in the translation of the story of the Concealed Robe falls to be corrected in this place: pp. 76, 77, “One day the vile hag,” etc., it is not the old woman who visits the lady at her mother’s house, after she ran away from her husband’s violence, but the same “effeminate one” who concealed the robe, and who not only conducts her to her lover, but also makes peace between the husband and wife. The only part the old woman takes in the intrigue is to engage the services of the “effeminate one”—in the original, *mukhannas*, which means a hermaphrodite, and has another signification, which need not be here explained for, although she “had now cleared her hands from the affairs of the world, she had formerly managed many such matters.” (I may as well mention that I had originally suppressed the circumstance of the want of sex on the part of the individual employed by the old woman, and, somehow, neglected to alter the terms in pages 76, 77.)— The wretched being who is so comically described in the text would doubtless readily

obtain access to the women's apartments of any house in Persia or India; and as Eastern tales of common life are considered to faithfully reflect the manners and customs of the age in which they were composed, it may be concluded that eunuchs and epicene individuals were formerly employed in those countries as go-betweens in affairs of gallantry. It is hardly to be supposed, surely, that the author of the *Sindibād Nāma* deliberately substituted this hermaphrodite go-between for the conventional old woman of the same story as found in other versions. But I shall not take upon myself to say whether this peculiar turn of the story in the Persian text is evidence of its greater antiquity. I may add, that it will be observed that in the Persian version of the story the cloth, or robe, is not burnt, nor is the lady divorced, apparently, as in the Arabian and other texts; and perhaps the most remarkable difference is, that it is the young man himself who suggests that the husband should be reconciled to his wife. The story is so differently told in the Persian text from the Greek, Arabic, and other versions, that Falconer could only have cursorily looked at it in the MS. when he referred his reader to the tale as given in Jonathan Scott's *Seven Vazīrs*. Professor Comparetti has stated, in his "Researches," that the Story of the Burnt Cloth is not in the Persian text of the *Sindibād*. He was, perhaps, misled by the French translator of Falconer's analysis, in the *Revue Britannique*, who may have omitted the brief allusion which Falconer makes to the story, in these words: "The vazīr [i.e. the sixth] next relates the Story of the Stratagem of the Old Woman with the Merchant's Wife and the Young Man, which, being told in the *Seven Vazīrs* ('Tales,' etc., p. 168), need not be here repeated."—As this is one of the "secondary" tales of the vazīrs, which Professor Comparetti conceives was added when the tales of the Libertine Husband and the Old Woman and the She-Dog were fused together, it is of some importance to find it in the Persian text, and told so differently, as well as these two stories separately.

In some of the Arabian texts of the *Seven Vazīrs*, the story of the Burnt Veil is followed by the tale of

THE LADY IN THE GLASS-CASE,

which is almost identical with the well-known story in the introduction to the *Arabian Nights*. The original is perhaps found in the *Katha Sarit Sāgara*, section seventh, to the following effect: Two young Brāhmans travelling are benighted in a forest, and take up their lodging in a tree near a lake. Early in the night a number of people come from the water, and having made preparations for an entertainment retire; a Yaksha (or genie) then comes out of the lake with his two wives, and spends the night there; when he and one of his wives are asleep, the other, seeing the youths, invites them to approach her, and, to encourage them, shows them a hundred rings received from former gallants, notwithstanding

her husband's precautions, who keeps her locked up in a chest at the bottom of the lake. The Hindu story-teller is more moral than the Arab: the youths reject her advances; she wakes the Yaksha, who is going to put them to death, but the rings are produced in evidence against the unfaithful wife, and she is turned away with the loss of her nose.— The story is repeated in the next section with some variation: the lady has ninety and nine rings, and is about to complete the hundred, when her husband, who is Naga (or snake-god) wakes, and consumes the guilty pair with fire from his mouth.— *Dr. H. H. Wilson*.— There is a variant of this story in the Persian romance of *Hatim Tai* (a pre-Islamite chieftain, renowned throughout the East for his unbounded generosity and liberality): A king, on a hunting excursion, loses his way and is separated from his attendants; he comes to a beautiful garden, in which is a palace, and an artificial lake, sits down, and, as he is performing his ablutions, catches hold of an iron chain in the water, pulls it towards him, and behold, it is attached to a chest, which opens, and discovers a woman of surpassing beauty. After conversing with her, the king takes a ring from his finger and offers it to her as a memento, but she tells him that she has already a string of rings, of which she cannot tell the number, nor can she recollect which lover gave her a particular ring.— Forbes says there is a similar tale in *Nakhshabī*, near the beginning, but I have failed to find it in that work.

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No. XVII—pp. 80 and 144.
THE LION'S TRACK.

THIS story is told by the first vazīr in all the versions, save the Persian *Sindibād Nāma*, where it is related by the seventh vazīr, and two of the Arabian texts, namely, Scott's MS. and the Rich MS. in the British Museum, where it is, not inappropriately, told by the Damsel, since it tells rather against men than women, the king being the aggressor, and the "wile" of the lady being in defence of her own virtue. — As an instance of the "hashy" manner in which the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights* has been put together, it may be mentioned that in the Calcutta printed Arabic text (which hardly differs at all from that printed at Būlāq), this tale of the Sultan and the Virtuous Wife is also related separately from the *Seven Vazīrs*— Night 404. A variant of the story is found in a Turkish collection, entitled '*Ajā'ibu-l-Ma'asir*, Marvels of Memorials (*i.e.* of Traditions, etc.), which Cardonne translated, under the title of "La Pantoufle du Sultan," in his *Mélanges de Littérature Orientale*. This version differs in some particulars from that of Scott. The sultan sends the vazīr a written order to proceed on some business to a distant place. The vazīr, in his haste to depart, leaves on the sofa the sultan's

order. Instead of the lady giving the sultan a book to read while she prepares supper for his entertainment, she recites to him two distichs, to the effect that the lion would scorn to devour what the wolf leaves, and deigns not to quench his thirst in the river which had been polluted by the dog. "These words immediately convinced the sultan that he had nothing to hope for there; he retired greatly disconcerted, and in his confusion forgot *one of his slippers*. The vazīr, in the meantime, having in vain searched for the prince's order, recollected that he had left it on the sofa, and was obliged to return home for it. The sultan's slipper, which had lain till then unperceived, gave him a too clear conviction of the monarch's real designs, and his motive for sending him away. Tormented at once by ambition and jealousy, he concerted means to divorce his wife without the loss of his dignity. Having despatched his business, he returned to give the sultan an account of his commission, and pretended to his wife that, as the sultan had just given him a sumptuous palace, it was necessary for her to pass a few days with her father, in order that he might have leisure to furnish it, presenting her at the same time with a hundred pieces of gold." The rest of the story agrees with the Arabian and other versions.

Boccaccio has adapted the first part of the Arabic version for the 5th Novel, Day i, of his *Decameron*. The Marchioness of Monferrat, while her husband was absent— being engaged in the crusade against the Turks— was visited by Philip, King of France, who had become enamoured of her from the accounts he had heard of her beauty and virtue. The lady, suspecting his designs, bought up all the hens she could, and caused them to be dressed in as many different ways as possible. When the king perceived the uniform character of the fare, he said: "Madam, are only hens bred in this country?" "Not so," the lady replied; "but women, however they may differ in dress and titles, are the same here as in other places." The king felt the force of the rebuke, and presently departed. ([Back](#))

No. XVIII—p. 83.
THE WILES OF WOMEN.

THE Persian version of this story differs very materially from that in *Syntipas*, where the woman, having learned of the young man's book of wiles, tells him the following tale:

"A certain man possessed a house and a prudent wife, and was always disparaging all woman kind. 'Abuse not all women,' his wife said, 'but only the bad.' 'All,' retorted he. 'Speak not thus,' the wife replied; 'since you happen not to be united with one of them.' 'Had I fallen in with one of them,' he then said, 'I should have cut off her nose.' After his own fashion, he also held up to obloquy some quarrelsome female neighbours. The wife then said to her husband: 'What

do you purpose doing to-day?’ And he answered: ‘I am going into the field, and, at your leisure, cook something and bring it thither, that I may dine.’ The wife then going forth met with, on her way, and purchased some fish, and scattered them in the field where her husband was to plough. When he discovered the fish, he said to his wife: ‘Have you prepared aught for us to eat this evening?’ And she replied: ‘I have cooked neither flesh nor fish, nor anything else.’ Thereupon he said: ‘Behold the food I found in the field, and cook it.’ Upon this she took the fish and concealed them. The table having been laid out, the man said to his wife: ‘Where is the fish?’ ‘What fish?’ she demanded. ‘Thou fool,’ said he, ‘did I not bring some fish just now, which I found in the field?’ The woman, scratching her face with her nails, cried out: ‘O listen to me, neighbours!’ And the neighbours having assembled, the wife said to them: ‘Listen, O my masters! My husband bids me cook fish which he brought from the field.’ The men asked the husband: ‘What sayest thou? that you found fish in a ploughed field?’ He replied: ‘O my masters and brethren! the food I found there; but how it happened to be there, I know not.’ His wife then cried out: ‘This man has a devil!’ And the neighbours then put iron fetters on his hands and feet, and the whole night through the wretched man continued to say: ‘Did I not find the fish, and, bringing them to this jade, bid her cook them? Why have they, then, bound me with fetters?’ At the dawn of day the wife again raised a cry; upon which the neighbours reassembled, and asked: ‘What has happened?’ and the unfortunate man once more repeated the truth. ‘He is possessed of a devil!’ cried the woman; and the neighbours, believing her, said: ‘Verily, the man is suffering somewhat.’ After the third day, the woman said to her husband: ‘Art thou hungry? May I give thee somewhat to eat?’ And he answered; ‘Yea; and what hast thou to give me to eat?’ She said: ‘Cooked victuals, in the frying-pan.’ ‘Thou sayest well, woman. Are not those the same that I brought to you from the field?’ The wife then exclaimed: ‘O Christian masters! the evil spirit still possesses this man, as he continues to talk about the victuals.’ But on his declaring, ‘I no longer maintain what I uttered before,’ she gave him a portion and he ate of the food, without saying a word about it. But she asked: ‘Dost thou not remember the food?’ He replied: ‘I know not what thou art talking about.’ She then released him, and said: ‘O husband, all that thou hast uttered is true; but wherefore abusest thou not only the bad but also the good women? And I said to thee: “Be silent;” but thou repliedst: “If I had such a wicked wife, I should slay her.” No longer vainly boast of being superior to womankind.’”

Having put the youth off his guard by this artful story, the woman makes advances to him, and then makes a great outcry, which brought the neighbours, who asked the cause of her exclamations. The youth by this time had taken his seat at the table, and the woman said in reply to the neighbours: “This stranger, who is received kindly by us, eating at our table, was suffering grievously, and was in great danger of being choked, in consequence of a morsel sticking in his throat; but I, quickly seeing what had happened, and fearing the death of a guest,

shouted out as you heard me. But now the help of God has saved him from the danger of choking, and granted him health,” and the neighbours went away. The woman, then approaching the stranger, said: “Hast thou written down all I have related to thee, and all I have done?” The stranger answered: “By no means.” She then said: “In vain, O man, have you sustained labours and outlays; despite your endeavours, you have accomplished nothing, and never fathomed the machinations of women!” And the stranger immediately took the records of the wiles of women, and threw them into the fire, and, marvelling, said: “No human being is able to know the knaveries of women.” After this, hesitating, and not realising what might happen, he discontinued the investigation of woman’s evil-craft, returned to his native land, and married a wife.

This story is not found in the *Mishlā Sandabar* or the *Seven Vazīrs*, and the subordinate tale, related by the woman, as above, is peculiar to the Greek text. The woman’s own wile is also found in the *Bahār-i Dānish*, or Spring of Knowledge, by Ināyatu-ʿllāh of Delhī, a work which is avowedly derived, all but the frame, from ancient Indian sources; and in the 8th Night of Nakhshabī’s *Tūtī Nāma*, where it is told by the fourth vazīr. The twenty-first vazīr’s story in the Turkish book of *The Forty Vazīrs* is not remotely related to the same tale. Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has favoured me with the following translation of it, from a printed text procured at Constantinople:

“There was in the palace of the world a great king, and he had a beautiful wife, such that many a soul dangled in the tresses on her cheek. That lady had a secret affair with a youth; and she used to hide the youth in a chest in the palace. One day the youth said to the lady: ‘If the king were aware of our work, he would slay the two of us.’ The lady said: ‘Leave that thought; I can do so that I shall hide thee in the chest, and say to the king: “Lo, my lover is lying in this chest;” and then, when the king is about to kill me, I will make him repentant by one word.’ While the youth and the lady were saying these words, the king came, and the lady straightway put the youth into the chest and locked it. The king said: ‘Why lockest thou that chest in such haste? What is in the chest?’ The lady answered: ‘It is my lover; I saw thee coming, and put him into the chest and locked it.’ Then was the king wroth, and he bared his sword, and thought to slay him who was in the chest, when the lady said: ‘O king, art thou mad? Where is gone thy understanding? Am I mad, that I should advance a strange man to thy couch, and then say to thee: “Lo, he is in the chest?” In truth, I wondered if thou wast sincere in thy trust of me, and I tried thee, and now I know that thou thinkest evil concerning me.’ Then did the king repent of what he had done; and he begged and besought of his wife, saying, ‘Forgive me.’ And he gave her many things, and craved pardon for his fault. When the king had gone out from the harem into the palace, the lady took that youth forth of the chest, and said: ‘Didst thou not see what a trick I played the king?’ and they gave themselves up to merriment.”

In another Turkish collection, according to Cardonne, a philosopher who had compiled a book of the tricks and devices of women is concealed in a chest by an Arab woman on the appearance of her husband. It seems the man and his wife had been for some time playing a game, which consists in receiving nothing from the person one is engaged to play with, without pronouncing the word *Diadestè*, or Touch-stake, from which the game derives its name. The woman, to the terror of the concealed philosopher, coolly tells her husband that she has a lover locked in the chest, upon which he furiously demands the key, which she gives him, and then calls out to him: "Pay me the forfeit you have lost the *Diadestè*!" The husband, happy to find no cause for his jealousy, returns the key to his wife, and goes away, and the philosopher on being released from his confinement is advised by the woman to enter this contrivance in his book.

The trick played by the wife on her husband with the fishes in the ploughed field, which is interwoven with the Story of Woman's Wiles in the Greek text, finds parallels in other collections of Eastern fiction. For instance: In the tale of the [Bang-Eater and his Wife](#) (vol. vi of Jonathan Scott's edition of the *Arabian Nights*), the man having discovered a hidden treasure, his wife fetches it away, and he, being a very honest fellow, threatens to inform the chief of the police of her having appropriated the gold; upon which, in order that his story should be discredited, she scatters pieces of cooked meat around the house outside, and then awakes her husband, who was sleeping off the effects of a dose of his favourite bang, and tells him that it had just rained these pieces of food. He believes her; but next day he goes to the chief of police, and acquaints him that his wife has taken away some money which had been concealed in a heap of earth. The magistrate asks the woman if her husband told the truth, and she desires him to inquire of the foolish man what day it was that she took the money; he replies that it was the same day that it rained cooked food, and the magistrate causes him to be confined as a lunatic. Some time afterwards his wife persuades him to say that nobody ever knew of it raining anything but water, and he is set at liberty.

So, too, in the story of the Foolish Sachālī, in Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, the simpleton meets with a strayed camel, loaded with rupees, and takes it home; his mother conceals the treasure, and, while he is out of the way, scatters comfits outside the house. On his return home she tells him that the comfits have fallen from the skies, and the foolish Sachali informs the neighbours that his mother had concealed a large quantity of rupees, which he found the same day that it rained comfits.— In an English story, it rained raisins, and in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, there are showers of milk-porridge and pancakes.

In the Calcutta text of the *Thousand and One Nights* there occurs ([Night 394](#)) what seems an absurd variant of the trick with the fishes: A man gives his wife one Friday a fish to cook; while he is out, her lover comes, and, putting the fish in a jar of water, she goes off with him, and is absent a whole week. On the following Friday she comes home, and her husband (who had sought for her

everywhere), reproaches her, but she brings out the fish *alive* from the jar, to show that she could not have been absent at all; she then assembles the neighbours, who, considering him mad, load him with fetters. ([Back](#))

No. XIX—pp. 88 and 213.
THE POISONED GUESTS.

WE have in the Persian text of this ancient tale a curious parallel to a custom which prevailed in Europe during the Middle Ages. The house of the bountiful man is represented as having “neither door, nor lock, nor *porter*.” In the *Mabinogion*, we read: “If it should be said that there was a porter at Arthur’s palace, there was none;” on which Lady Charlotte Guest remarks: “The absence of a porter was formerly considered as an indication of hospitality, and as such is alluded to by Rhys Brychan, a bard who nourished at the close of the 15th century:

The stately entrance is without porters,
And his mansions are open to every honest man.”

The original form of our story of the Poisoned Guests seems to be found in the 13th of the Twenty-five Tales of a Demon (*Vetāla Panchavimati*). The wife of a man named Harisvāmin having been stolen from him one night by a Vidyādhara prince, he gave away all his wealth to the Brāhmans, and resolved to visit all the holy waters, and wash away his sins, after which he hoped he might find his beloved wife again; and the story thus proceeds:

“Then he left his country, with his Brāhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs fanned forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be showing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark, with leaves, as it were, lips, parched with heat. At that season Harisvāmin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured, emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached in the course of his wanderings a certain village, and found in it the house of a Brāhman named Padmanābha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Brāhmans were eating in his house, he stood leaning against the door-post, silent and motionless. And the good-wife of that Brāhman named Padmanābha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected: ‘Alas, mighty is hunger! Whom will

it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door, who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?' Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said: 'Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Brāhmans.'

"He said: 'I will do so,' and took the vessel of rice and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then came back in high spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish of rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvāmin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice. As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies, produced by the poison. He exclaimed: 'When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice, dressed with milk, ghee, and sugar, has become poison to me.' Thus speaking, Harisvāmin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Brāhman who was engaged in a sacrifice, and said to his wife: 'The rice which you gave me has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Brāhman.' When Harisvāmin had said this to the good woman, who was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died. Accordingly the Brāhman who was engaged in a sacrifice drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance. Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, and the couple who gave rice, was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman, but the question was not decided."

This forms the 16th tale of the Tamil version (*Vedāla Cadaṭṭi*) and the 12th of the Hindī (*Baitāl Pachisṭī*); in the latter, the traveller, having placed the dish of food at the foot of a fig-tree, went into the tank to wash his face and hands; meanwhile a black snake, gliding from the roots of the tree, thrust its venomous mouth into the food, and then went away.— An incident resembling this story is found in the *Bahār-i Dānish* (Story of the First Companion): A snake bites the lip of the lady's paramour while he lies asleep, and kills him; then it dropped some of its poison

into the goblet of wine, which the lady when she awoke drank, and she also died.
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No. XX p. 94.

THE STOLEN PURSE AND THE CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.

THIS is not only a familiar “Joe Miller” story, but it has been popular throughout Europe in various forms since the Middle Ages. Wright, in his elaborate introduction to the early English metrical version of the [Seven Sages](#) (vol. xvi of the Percy Society publications), states that he had met with it among the Latin tales of the 13th and 14th centuries. The first appearance of the story in English (taken perhaps from Valerius Maximus), so far as I have ascertained, is in the collection of jests entitled *Tales and Quicke Answeres, very Mery and Pleasant to Rede*, printed about 1535, where it is related as follows:

“There were two men on a time, the whiche lefte a great somme of money in kepyng with a maiden on this condition, that she shulde nat delyuer hit agayne, excepte they came bothe together for hit. Nat lang after, one of them cam to hir mornyngly arayde, and sayde that his felowe was deed, and so required the money, and she delyuered hit to hym. Shortly after came the tother man, and required to have the moneye that was lefte with hir in kepyng. The maiden was than so sorowfull, both for lacke of the money, and for one to defende hir cause, that she thought to hange herself. But Demosthenes, that excellent oratour, spake for hir and sayd: Sir, this mayden is redy to quite her fidelite, and to deliuer agayne the money that was lefte with hir in kepyng, so that thou wilt bringe thy felowe with the to receyue it. But that he could nat do.”

The story reappears in another jest-book, *Jacke of Dovers Quest of Inquirie, or his Privy Search for the Veriest Foole in England*, 1604, under the title of “The Fool of Westchester,” where two “cony-catchers,” or sharpers, deposit a sum of money with “a widow woman,” one of whom obtains the deposit, and decamps. When the other fellow brings the case to trial before the judges in London, the widow without the help of “Demosthenes”—steps briskly to the bar, and offers to restore the money on the original condition, that both came together to claim it.—It is reproduced, with some variations, in *The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, who was commonly called the King’s Fool*, where three pedlars leave a pack with a widow, who kept an inn on the highway-side, charging her strictly, before witnesses, to deliver it to none of them unless they all came together. Two of the pedlars return, after a time, and, pretending their partner had gone to a certain fair, obtain the pack. When the third comes and learns how he had been cheated, he cites the poor woman before the judges, and “George” dons a lawyer’s gown, and pleads her cause successfully.—Strange to say, Lloyd, in his

State Worthies, has actually related the story as an incident in the early legal career of William Noy, attorney-general (1577-1634)— the case of Three Graziers and the Alewife, in which judgment was about to be given against the poor woman, when young Noy, having obtained a fee from her in order that he should be able to plead in her behalf, starts up and informs the court that his client is prepared to pay the money when all three are present to receive it. This is given, on Lloyd's weak authority, in Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. xxiii, pp. 267, 268, although the same legal feat had been previously credited in the same work to Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor (1540-1617). We have seen that the "case" was a popular jest in England before either Noy or Egerton was born.— A French variant is found in the *Nouveaux Contes à rire*, 1737, under the title of "Jugement subtil du due d'Ossone centre deux Marchands;" and Rogers, in the notes to his poem of "Italy," gives an Italian version, in which a young lawyer, the lover of the old lady's daughter, plays the part of the successful advocate. [\(Back\)](#)

No. XXI—p. 96.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

FALCONER remarks, in a note on this passage of our text: "The advantages of travel are a favourite topic with Eastern poets. On this subject the reader will find, in the *Asiatic Journal* for September, 1839, some verses extracted from the *Sikandar Nāma* [Alexander-Book] of Nizāmī; and in the No. for November, 1839, a *gazal* by Jalālu-'d-Dīn Rūmī; and an Arabian poet has panegyrised travel in some verses which may be thus rendered:

Rise! flee the dull monotony of home;
 Nor fear a friend will fail where'er you roam.
 Go, wend from clime to clime your joyous way,
 And Nature's lore will every toil repay;
 Each shifting scene enkindling new delight,
 While languor dulls the home-devoted wight.
 Change—mid the starry host, or earth below—
 Works every good created beings know.
 Mark the glad streamlet, fresh'ning as it flows;
 The joyless marsh, stagnant in dead repose!
 Shone the blest Sun one long, eternal day,
 Men of each clime would loathe his garish ray;
 And yon pale Moon, to pensive lovers dear,
 Would tire even *them*, for ever in the sphere!

If ne'er the arrow left the twanging string,

Say, would it reach the mark, or thread the ring?
If still the lion slumbered in his lair,
Would self-doomed victims to his feet repair?
Even gold is worthless, while the mine inurns,
And aloe yields no incense till it burns.
For change—in heaven above and earth below—
Works every good created beings know.”

The verses from the *Sikandar Nāma* are accompanied in the *Asiatic Journal* by the following beautiful paraphrase, signed F, and doubtless by Falconer himself:

’Tis blithe to wander earth’s fair face
With wayward footsteps over,
And, as each varied scene we trace,
New beauties to discover.
Sweet, too, at busy daylight’s close,
The halting-place, with its repose.

’Tis blithe, our track as we pursue,
To mark with curious wonder,
Each step fresh marvels bring to view
Concealment’s veil from under;
While all that meets the observant eye
Some thoughtful lesson shall supply.

And yet, for aye, it were unwise
On distant shores to linger,
When busy Memory homeward hies,
And becks with restless finger;
And joys—she hints—our coming wait,
Denied us in our alien state.

And what though, far from home, we share
Earth’s hollow pomps that perish?
The friends, the loves, of youth are there,
And these the heart will cherish:
Its strings will twine around the home
Where we were nursed, howe’er we roam.

Of the *gazal* of Jalālu-‘d-Dīn Rūmī referred to by Falconer, as above, my obliging friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has made the following close translation, in which he has very ingeniously reproduced the original rhyme-movement:

- 1 A-foot or a-wing had the tree to wander able been,
 Ne’er had it known the wound of the saw or the hatchet keen.
- 2 If the sun fared not on his way a-foot and a-wing each night,
 How were the world illumed at the dawn of the morning-sheen?
- 3 Or again, if the bitter water rose not from the sea to the sky,
 Where from the flood of the rain were the life of the flowery green?
- 4 The drop that has gone from its home, when next it appeareth to view,
 Having companied long with the shell, as a lustrous pearl is seen.
- 5 Did not Joseph set forth in tears from his father to journey afar?
 And won he not thereby weal and honour and kingship to glean?
- 6 And Mustafa, journeyed he not to the region where Yathrib lay?
 And found he not empire there, and a sovereign’s glorious mien?
- 7 If to travel thou canst not avail, then journey to thine own heart,
 And e’en as the ruby-mine, be fired by the ray serene.
- 8 O master, journey thou forth, away from thyself to Thyself;
 For the ore of the mine turns gold by a journey like this, I ween.
- 9 From sourness and bitterness hence, to the region of sweetness fare;
 For that every moon from the light of the sun is with grace beseen.

Jalālu-‘d-Dīn, author of the above *gazal*, was the founder of the sūfī sect of mystics, known in Europe as the Dancing Dervishes, from their gyrations in performing acts of worship. He died at Qonya (Iconium) A.H. 672 (A.D. 1273). In the fourth couplet of this beautiful *gazal* is an allusion to the notion, common to Asiatics, that a pearl is a condensed drop of water, which had fallen into the oyster, when its shell was open. Sa’dī has finely versified this in his *Bustān*. In the sixth couplet, Mustafa is one of the names of Muhammad, and Yathrib is the old name of Madīna (the city, emphatically) the reference is to the Prophet’s Flight, *El Hijra*.— In the eighth couplet, the second “Thyself” seems to mean God, as Mr. Gibb supposes, the only truly existent being in the universe, and, therefore, every man’s *true* self.— The English reader will observe that, in this *gazal*, as faithfully

rendered by Mr. Gibb, the opening couplet rhymes, and the second line of each succeeding couplet (or *bayt*) rhymes with the first couplet.— Let me take the opportunity of adding, that the whole of the Dervish-doctrine (sūfiism, or Eastern mysticism) is amply set forth in the grand poem of Jalālu-‘d-Dīn, entitled, *par excellence*, “The Masnavī,” of which the First Book has been translated into English verse by Mr. J. W. Redhouse, and published by Messrs. Triibner & Co.

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No. XXII—p. 106.
THE FOUR LIBERATORS.

NONE of the other texts of the Book of Sindibād represented in our Comparative Table has this widely-diffused tale, and the version here given differs remarkably from all others with which I am acquainted, although the fundamental outline is identical in them all. One of the oldest extant forms of it must, I think, be that found in the collection of stories, in Sanskrit, entitled *Vetāla Panchavinsati*, or Twenty-five Tales of a Demon, a work which, though originally distinct and still existing in separate form in most of the vernacular languages of India, is now included in the grand collection (so often referred to in these notes) entitled *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. This is how the *Vetāla* story is related in the last-mentioned work, according to Professor Tawney’s translation:

SOMAPRABHA AND HER THREE SUITORS.

In Ujjayni there lived an excellent Brāhman, the dear dependent and minister of King Punyasena, and his name was Harisvāmin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasāmin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhā (i.e. Moonlight). When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother: “I am to be given in marriage to a man possessed of heroism, or knowledge, or magic power; you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value your life.” When her father Harisvāmin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under one of these three categories. And while so engaged he was sent as ambassador by King Punyasena to negotiate a treaty with the King of the Dekkan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object for which he was sent, a noble Brāhman, who had heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvāmin said to the Brāhman suitor: “My daughter will not marry any husband who does not possess either

valour, or knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess.” He answered: “I possess magic power.” Thereupon Harisvāmin rejoined: “Then show me your magic power.” So he immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took up Harisvāmin in that magic chariot, and showed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the King of the Dekkan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvāmin promised his daughter to that man possessed of supernatural power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Brāhman, in Ujjayni, came and asked Harisvāmin’s son Devasāmm for the hand of his sister. Devasāmin answered: “She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism.” Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devasāmin promised to give him his sister, who was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very time a third person came to his mother, wife of Harisvāmin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him: “Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism;” and he answered: “Mother, I possess knowledge.” And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day. The next day Harisvāmin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they told him separately the promises that they had made; and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then on the wedding-day three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvāmin’s house—the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhā, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and, though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvāmin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge: “Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone.” He answered: “The Rākshasa Dhūmrāsikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest.” At this Harisvāmin was terrified, and said: “Alas, alas! how are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?” When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said: “Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where she is.” He then prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvāmin, the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rākshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rākshasa, when he saw what had

happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvāmin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between the man and the Rākshasa, who were contending for a woman, with various kinds of weapons, like Rāma and Rāvana.¹ And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rākshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. Then they carried off Somaprabhā, whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the magic chariot.

And when they had reached Harisvāmin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said: "If I had not known where this maiden was, how would she have been discovered when concealed?— So she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said: "If I had not made the chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like the gods? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rākshasa, who possessed a chariot?— So you ought to give her to me, for I have secured her by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said: "If I had not slain the Rākshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions?— So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvāmin remained silent, being perplexed in mind.

A variant is found in the *Tūtī Nāma* (34th night of the India Office MS. No. 2573, and the 22nd of Kāderī's abridgment), to the following effect: A rich merchant of Kabūl had a beautiful daughter, named Zohra (or Venus), who had many wealthy suitors, but declared that she would marry only a man who was completely wise, or very skilful. Three young men present themselves before the merchant, saying that if his daughter requires a man of skill for her husband, each of them was eligible. The first youth said that his art was to discover the whereabouts of anything, or anybody, that was lost, and to predict future events. The second could make a horse of wood, which, whoever might mount it, would soar in the air, like Solomon's throne.² The third was an archer, who could pierce any object at which he might point his arrow. The merchant having reported to his daughter the wonderful acquirements of her three new suitors, she promised to give her decision next morning. But the same night she disappeared, and the unhappy merchant sent for the three youths, desiring them to recover his

¹ Seeta, the beautiful wife of Rama, was carried off by the Rakshasa Ravana, according to the *Ramayana*.

² According to the Muslim legend (borrowed from the Rabbins), Solomon's carpet, having on it his throne, his courtiers, and his entire army, was borne through the air by the eight winds subject to him through his magical signet and conveyed to the most distant regions in a few minutes.

daughter, by the exercise of their respective talents. The first youth discovered that a perī had carried the damsel to the summit of a mountain which was inaccessible to man. The second made a wooden horse, and gave it to the third (the archer), who mounted it, and very soon reached the mountain, killed the perī, and brought away the maiden. “Each of the three claimed her as his own by right, and the dispute continued.”

The story must be familiar to all readers of the common English translation of the *Arabian Nights*, in the tale of [Prince Ahmed and the Peri Banou](#): Three princes are in love with their cousin, who is to be given to him that should bring the most wonderful thing. One of them procures a magic carpet, another an ivory telescope, and the third an apple that could cure the person who smelled at it, even if at the point of death. The youth with the tube discovers that the princess is dying; the magic carpet carries them all to the princess; and the apple restores her to health.

The Tartar version, in the Relations of *Siddhī Kūr*¹ is very peculiar in all its details: Six persons— a rich youth, a calculator, a mechanic, a physician, and a smith— set out together to seek their fortunes. Arriving at the mouth of a great river, each of them planted a tree of life and then separated, having agreed to meet at the same place again. The rich youth, in the course of his wanderings, marries a beautiful maiden; but the khān takes her from him, and afterwards causes him to be put to death, and his body to be covered with a huge rock. At the time agreed upon the five other wanderers return to the spot where they had planted their trees of life, and, seeing that the youth’s tree was withered,² the calculator by his art discovered that he was lying dead beneath a certain rock. The smith with his hammer smote the rock and broke it, and drew forth the body. Then the physician gave the dead youth a draught, and he became alive again. The revived youth having told his companions how his beautiful wife had been taken from him, and himself been slain, by the khān, they resolved by all means to recover such a pearl of beauty. Accordingly the mechanic constructed a wooden Garūda, which went in any direction, as it was guided from within. The painter then decorated the wooden bird with various colours, so that it was wondrous to behold. Then the youth seated himself within the wooden Garūda, which immediately flew through the air, and hovered above the khān’s palace. When the khān discovered the strange bird, he bade the wife of the youth go upon the roof and offer food to it, which she did; and the bird descended, and the youth seated

¹ A dead body endowed with supernatural powers.— This is the Kalmūk form of the Hindū Twenty-five Tales of a Demon.

² Compare with this the knife and string of pearls of the brothers in the Arabian tale of the Quest of the Singing-Tree, etc.; and the gloves of [Ivan Popyalof](#) in Ralston’s *Russian Folk-Tales*.

her beside him, and they flew away. Having returned to his five companions, the youth and his wife stepped forth from the Garūda, and on their beholding her beauty they began to quarrel among themselves, each claiming her as his wife, because of his share in her recovery, till at length they drew their knives and slew one another.

Such is the outline of the Tartar version of this old-world tale. The wooden Garūda here performs the part of the [Enchanted Horse](#) of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which, however, had reached Europe long before that entertaining work was composed. The contrivance in the Tartar tale was, in fact, borrowed from Hindu fiction: in a story in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, the hero, in love with a princess, personates Vishnū, and rides on a wooden representation of Garūda (the bird of Vishnū), guided by a pin and moving by magic—the prototype of

The wondrous steed of brass

On which the Tartar king did ride,

in Chaucer's "half-told tale of Cambuscan bold," and of all other self-moving machines so famed in romance.¹— Of European variants, the best is perhaps the well-known German fairy tale of the Four Clever Youths who rescued from a dragon the king's daughter, and were all amply recompensed for their pains.

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THE DAMSEL'S FATE, ETC.

It is remarkable that in our Persian text the Damsel herself suggests that her tongue should be cut out, while in the Greek and the Breslau (Arabic) versions the proposal is made by the assembled counsellors, some of whom suggest various other forms of punishment: in *Syntipas*, to cut off her hands and feet, open her alive, and tear out her heart; in the *Mishlé Sandabar*, to cut off her hands, to blind

¹ The Enchanted Horse figures prominently in the old French metrical romance of *Cleomades*, written by Adans, or Adenis, a poet of the 13th century. *Le Cheval de Fust* is another title of this poem, which was, according to Count Tressan (who furnished an *extrait* of it to the *Bibliothèque des Romans*), originally composed in Spanish verse; and there can be no doubt that the groundwork, at least, of the romance was brought to Spain by the Moors.— Old English tradition, too, is not without its magic horse: Leland, in his *Itinerary*, tells of a man named Rutter, who "was in great favour with his king, and desired to have reward of him of as much land as he could ride over in a day on a horse of wood; and he did ride over as much as is now Rutlandshire, by art magic, and was after swallowed into the earth."

her, to kill her. Replying to these cruel suggestions, the Damsel relates, in the Greek, Hebrew, and two of the Arabic texts (the Calcutta and Breslau), the tale of the Fox that preferred mutilation to death. The following is a translation of the Greek version of the story of

THE FOX AND THE PEOPLE.

O ye magnates, all your utterances against me appear to coincide with the example of a certain fox, who during the night entered into a certain city through the window of a man who curried skins, and whenever he entered into the house he gnawed the skins. The tanner perceiving the tatters made in the skins, and being satisfied the damage was through the fox, immediately fixed a solid trap. According to his wont, the fox entered through the window, and was caught in the trap. The unhappy yet crafty fox, by some well-skilled device, ran away with the trap which ensnared him, and wandered all around the city to find another window by which to go out. Having wandered about the whole night, he found no place of exit, for the city was walled all around.

On the approach of day, he said to himself: "If day should dawn, of a certainty I shall be seized by dogs, and they would not leave me before they had torn away my flesh; but I know what it behoves me to do." Thereupon he laid himself near the threshold of the gate of the city, feigning himself dead and breathless. And while lying as if dead, the gate, as usual, was opened by the porter at early morn. Some one upon seeing him said to the porter: "Of a truth, the tail of this fox is well adapted to sponge out the mill," and straightway, on saying this, seizing a sword, he cut off the tail. The fox bore courageously the pain of the clipt tail. Afterwards a certain other person, seeing him, said: "If any one has a little whining child, nothing is better as a cure than the ears of a fox, by holding them over the child," and forthwith he cut off his ears, and the fox nobly sustained this anguish. And still another, passing along the same path, and seeing him as if dead, said: "I have heard some one say, that if a person is suffering from toothache, and should place on it the tooth of a fox, he is immediately relieved from pain," and with these words, taking a stone, he knocked out all the teeth, and the fox, without wincing, underwent all these terrible pains, until the moment when another man, walking by, said: "I have heard that a fox's heart is beneficial for every grief, and curative of every disease." The man, upon speaking thus, taking a sword, in order to cut out his heart, the fox, leaping up, ran away in haste through the gate of the fortress, for the gate happened at that time to be open, and he was saved from the death he was about to suffer." And thus [continues the Damsel] am I, helpless being, O king, prepared to undergo all the suggestions thy rulers counsel thee to follow; but I am unable to bear having my heart forcibly taken out—for this would be a bitter and painful death."

This story, as Goedeke has pointed out, like the four tales in the introduction to the *Sindibād Nāma*, is of Buddhist origin, being No. 23 of the *Avadānas* translated by Julien. It seems to me very probable that it also occurred in the complete text of the *Sindibād Nāma*, since it would naturally follow the Damsel's suggestion that her tongue should be cut out. And the next chapter, in which Sindibād discourses eloquently to the king, which wants the commencement, may have contained the tale, preserved in the Greek text only, related by the sage in the course of his reply to the king's inquiry, to whom his son's wisdom was due. It is as follows, and may be entitled

DESTINY; OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S SON.

There was a certain king in former times, who had in his service many philosophers, one of whom was far superior to the others, and at that king's court a certain one also who understood and professed in a high degree the astrological art. To the first mentioned philosopher had just been born a son, and on it being communicated to the king, the philosopher was immediately summoned to the court. But the aforesaid astrologer, hearing of the birth of the son, consulted the stars concerning the destiny of the boy. When the king asked him regarding the boy's horoscope, he answered thus: "To judge, O my master, from the signs and courses of the stars, this new-born child inherits the evil destiny of thieves and wrong-doers;— he will survive many years, and in his thirteenth year he will commit an atrocious robbery." Upon the astrologer uttering these words, the father of the new-born child said to him: "Have you then made manifest to the king the whole truth concerning my child?" "Yea, O philosopher," replied he; "for I have accurately examined that which attaches to the destiny of the boy, and discovered that he will become a robber, and the most hardened of robbers." In answer to this, the philosopher said to the king: "I shall educate my boy, then, in such a manner, that he never would or could commit such a deed, but, on the contrary, I shall cause him to avoid all forbidden acts."

The child, when eight months old, discontinued suckling his mother's milk. Shut up in a secluded house by his father, he was nourished with succulent victuals, and instructed fully in literature and honourable conduct. While educating his son with such precision and accuracy, the father forbade that any one should visit, or any boy outside the house should approach him, or that he should learn or hear of any evil deed of the outside world. Brought up in this manner, he commenced his thirteenth year. The father then said to him: "To-morrow, my son, I am desirous of going to the king, and wishing to take you with me, you must know how and by what obeisance you should hail the king." In this wise the philosopher spoke to his son. The youth, however, upon hearing of the proposed visit to the king, inwardly debated over his father's speech, and said within himself: "I have never seen a king; and as my father tells me I must

pay him obeisance, it is proper I should approach his Majesty with aromatic spices, in order that their sweet odour may honour and aggrandise the king. But I am ashamed to ask any details from my father, and yet it behoves me to accomplish this purpose.”

Thereupon, at the approach of night, he went secretly forth from his father’s house, proceeded to the palace, and, having made an opening in the wall, entered close to the royal bed. The king, waking up, was agitated on seeing him, and, being timid and alarmed, said to himself: “If this robber did not possess great strength he would never have dared to enter at midnight;— if I should resist him, he will attempt to kill me. “ Communing thus within himself, in silence, he afforded full license to the robber. The youth, then, extending his hand towards the linen clothes of the king, seized a linen cloth of great value, and went out of the palace. Having sold the linen cloth, he purchased with its proceeds myrrh and various perfumes. On that night, however, the king did not recognise the robber.

On the following day the father, accompanied by his son, went into the king’s presence, and both father and son prostrated themselves in obeisance to the very floor. The son then presented to the king the perfumes and beautiful offerings he had purchased, and began to praise and eulogise his Majesty. And the philosopher said: “O king, live for ever ! Behold, I have brought into thy presence my son, concerning whom the astrologer told thee, that in the thirteenth year of his age he should become a robber. He is now thirteen years old, and has not committed a theft. Thy astrologer, therefore, may be, solemnly and in public, declared to be a false prophet, and from this all the words uttered by him have now been proved idle talk.” At these words the king, steadfastly and attentively fixing his eyes on the countenance of the youth and his outward form, recognised him to be the person who had broken through the wall, and the very bold and shameless robber who had stolen the linen cloth from the royal couch. The king then, in answer, said to the philosopher: “This is the robber who entered the king’s room, and this being the fact, the prognostication of the astrologer must the rather be relied upon as true.”

“From this narrative, therefore, O king [continues Syntipas], it is clearly shown that at and from the birth of each individual there is a distinct and separate career of life predestined by the Deity. It is not what a child has learned or suffered at the commencement of his growth, as happened at the birth of this thy son, but when he arrives at man’s estate. Praiseworthy and excellent deeds and prosperous days comprised and brightened his state of manhood, but odious actions and clouds of adversity darkened the mature life of the son of that philosopher whom the king had in his service.”

That this tale—or one of a similar tendency—was also in the *Sindibād Nāma* is, I think, more than likely, from the circumstance, as stated in [p. 112](#), that where the fragment of the chapter in which it should appear begins, “Sindibād has

been making some remarks on the impossibility of avoiding destiny,” and at this place, as in the Greek text, he proceeds to cite the moral precepts of Farīdūn.

It has already been mentioned ([note](#) 1, p. 110) that the story of the Four Liberators is not told by Sindibād, but by the Prince; and Professor Comparetti was therefore mistaken in supposing that it had been substituted by the author of the *Sindibād Nāma* for the tale of Destiny, related by the sage in the Greek version. Moreover, the two tales have nothing in common that should render such a conjecture probable, even if the relator of the Four Liberators was doubtful, the latter having no bearing upon the question of resisting fate.

The Syriac text must have had both the story of the Fox and that of Destiny, although they are wanting in the only known copy, which breaks off at the beginning of the story of the Blind Old Man (see end of [note](#), p. 104). There is also a *lacuna* in the MS. where the story of the Bathman should be related.

The old Castilian translation wants both the concluding stories of *Syntipas*, also the tale of the Woman and the Rice-Dealer; the latter was certainly not suppressed from motives of delicacy, since the two most objectionable of the tales proper to the Book of Sindibād are retained. It seems probable that the MS. from which the only extant text was made had lost the leaves containing these tales. A new one has been added to the four the Prince has in the Syriac and Greek texts, which is as follows, according to Mr. H. C. Coote’s translation:

THE WOMAN AND THE ABBOT.

I have heard of a woman whose husband went away on some business, and she sent to the abbot to say that her husband was not at home, and that he should come for the night to her dwelling. And the abbot came and entered the house. And when he came it was midnight. The husband came and called at the door. And he [*i.e.* the abbot] said: How shall it be? And she said: Go and hide thyself in that apartment till daylight. And the husband entered, and threw himself on his bed. And when day came the woman arose, and went to a friar her friend, and asked him for a habit that he might get the abbot away who was in her house. And the friar went and said: What has become of such a one? And she said: He is not yet risen. And he went in and asked him [the husband] whence he came, and was there until the abbot was dressed. And the friar said: Pardon me, I wish to retire. He said: You must go, and be well. And joining the other in the apartment, the abbot went out dressed like a friar, and in that dress went with him to the convent.¹

¹ Comparetti remarks that, “though the text is very corrupt, and certainly mutilated in some parts, we recognise in this tale a novel of Bandello (iv, 8), which has an equivalent in the 19th Night of the *Suka Saptati* (Galanos).”

The author of the Hebrew version has omitted no fewer than seven tales which occur in *Syntipas*, namely: The Drop of Honey, the Bread Elephant (both of which are also not found in the Persian text), Woman's Wiles, the Poisoned Guests, the Infant in the Cradle, the Child of Five Years, and Destiny; but he has inserted four new ones, and fused into one tale the Prince and the Ghūl and the Changed Sex. He has also altered the order of the tales as they appear in the Greek version. Two of the new tales are of Jewish argument; the two others are undoubtedly of Oriental origin. The Woman, on the fifth night, adduces, as a warning to the king,

THE REVOLT OF ABSALOM.

Knowest thou not, O my lord and king, that revolt will stalk with head on high under thy descendants, if, while thou art still alive and before thy gray head has disappeared, thou riddest not the country of thy son? Is it not true that if the King David had put to death his son Amnon for having outraged his sister, Absalom would not have required to fly to Geshur, to nourish hatred in his breast, to revolt against his father, and David would not have suffered all the misfortune which he suffered? And all this occurred because his father did not wish to vex him at the time, and because he said to him, Why actest thou thus? his heart became so inflamed with pride thereby that he no more feared to offend, and abused his sister Tamar. Thou too shalt fall in the same way, and the advice of thy evil counsellors will not protect thee. Else thinkest thou that thy son is better than Absalom?

The effect of this argument on the king is counteracted by the Sixth Vazīr, who says:

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

Was it not the King David whom thy wife cited as an example? But had not that King David more sons than thou? And yet did he not pardon them their faults? When he fled with Joab, said he not to him before his people, "Behave with gentleness towards young Absalom?" Did he not weep over him when he was killed? "Alas!" he cried, "my son, Absalom! O my son, my son!" And if it had been in his power would he not have killed Joab? He spared him only to put him into the power of his son Solomon, whom he ordered to put him to death. Yet heaven and earth had been witnesses of the crimes of Absalom, whilst thy son has committed no fault against thee. Canst thou determine to make him die? Canst thou resolve to exterminate thy name, and the posterity issued from thee, and the

house of thy ancestors? Then thou wilt remain without children, whilst David had several sons, and notwithstanding the loss of two of whom, there still remained others; and then David at this time was still young, but thou thou art old. God has favoured thee with a son in thy old age, and thou wishest to banish him for ever from thine eyes.

The Seventh Vazīr's first story is of

THE DISGUISED YOUNG MAN.

There was a man married to a woman fair of body and face. A young man was in love with this woman, but could not obtain access to her because her husband was very jealous; and by reason of this great jealousy he always kept her shut up, and kept the key himself. This man was a merchant, and old. The young man, mastered by his passion, became sick on account of it. An old woman came and found him thus, and he told her what was the matter. The old woman said to him: "Wilt thou do all that I tell thee?" "Yes," answered he. "Then," said she, "shave all the hair off thy face and thy beard." He did so. Then she dressed him in woman's clothes, and putting on him a veil, only his eyes were to be seen. After this, the old woman went to the house of the merchant, and said to him: "I come to beg a favour, my lord. I am a widow, and I have one daughter. Now I wish to go to another town, and I have heard of the propriety that reigns in your house, and I must confess I feel some anxiety in leaving my daughter in a strange place. That is why, my lord, if it will suit you, I wish to bring her to thy house, that she may serve thy wife without any wages." The merchant was delighted at hearing this, and said to her: "I will take care of her; she has only to come to my wife." The old woman then brought her pretended daughter, and the latter remained in the house, and the husband went to travel. Then the young man discovered his face, made himself known to the young woman, and passed several days with her.¹

¹ In the conclusion of the European versions of the *Seven Wise Masters*, the prince, when he has begun to speak again, exposes the queen's intrigue with a youth who is disguised as one of her female slaves. Goedeke considers this incident as having been adapted from the above tale of the Disguised Young Man (*Orient und Occident*, iii, p. 394). But in the Hebrew story the disguised youth is not discovered, and it is perhaps possible that the original of the incident is to be found in a Persian tale, in which a young page points out to the king his favourite's paramour among her assembled female slaves. It seems the practice of thus introducing men into the women's apartments was formerly very common in India: "By means of their female attendants," says Vatsyayana, "the ladies of the royal harem generally get men into their

The vazīr then relates the story of

THE HUNCHBACKS.

There was a woman married to an old man. As to her, she was young, fair of person and face. The husband would not allow her to walk in the street, and she submitted to this only with impatience. One day she said to her maid: "Go outside; perhaps thou wilt meet some one who will be able to amuse us." The maid went out, and met a hunchback, who had a tambourine and flute in his hand. He was dancing and beating the tambourine, so that the people might give him some reward. The maid brought this man to her mistress, who gave him to eat and to drink, which caused him great pleasure. He then rose to dance and leap about, at which the young woman was much pleased. She dressed him in beautiful clothes, and gave him a present, and then sent him away. The friends and comrades of the hunchback saw him, and asked him where he had met with such good luck, and he told them of the beautiful wife of the old man. The hunchback's companions said to him: "If thou dost not take us with thee, we will make the whole affair public." Now the young woman sent again for the hunchback, that he might come to her. He said to her: "My companions also wish to come to amuse thee." The lady replied: "Let them come." She offered them all sorts of things; they set to eating and drinking, and they got drunk, and fell from their seats. Presently, the master of the house came back, and the woman immediately rose with her maid, and carried the men into another part of the house. There they quarrelled and fought, and strangled each other, and died.¹ Meantime the husband, having taken some food, went out again. Then the woman ordered her maid to bring the hunchbacks out, but they were dead. Then said the woman: "Go out quickly, and find some foolish porter," and she put the dead bodies into sacks. The maid-servant chanced to meet a black man, and brought him to her mistress, who

apartments in the disguise or dress of women. . . . When a go-between has no access to the harem, then the man should stand in some place where the lady he loves can be seen. If that place is occupied by the king's sentinels, he should then disguise himself as a female attendant of the lady who comes to the place or passes by it." (*Kama Sutra*, Part v.)— The 35th tale of the *Tuti Nama* (India Office MS. No. 2573, and tale 23 of Kaderi's abridgment), of the Brāhman in love with the Daughter of the King of Babylon, bears some resemblance to the story of the Disguised Young Man.

¹ In Wright's analysis of this story ([Introd. *Seven Sages*](#), vol. xvi of Percy Society) "the lady conceals them hurriedly in a place full of holes and traps, into which they fall, and are strangled."

said to him: "Stay with me." After he had passed some time with her, she said to him: "Take this first sack, and throw it into the river; then come back to me, and I will take care to give thee all that thou mayest require." The black did so; then he returned and took the second sack, and in that way he took them all, one after the other, and threw them into the river.

It is generally supposed that this story of the Hunchbacks in the *Mishlé Sandabar* suggested that of the Lady and her Three Lovers in the *Septem Sapientum*, which is to this effect: A lady promises her favours to three knights, unknown to one another, for a hundred florins each, then she acquaints her husband, and persuades him to consent to slay them for the sake of the money they will bring with them. When the first knight arrives, and she is assured that he has brought the money, she admits him into the house, and he is instantly murdered; the two other knights, as they arrive in succession, meet with the same fate; and the three bodies are dragged into a private part of the house. The lady then sends for her brother, who is one of the city night guards, and showing him the body of one of the knights, tells him that her husband had slain the knight in a quarrel, and she wishes him to dispose of it at once. He takes up the body, goes out and throws it into the sea, and returns, to learn that the body has come back again, and is now shown the body of the second knight, which he also carries away and casts into the water; and on his return to the house is shown the body of the third knight as the same that he had already twice disposed of. Convinced now that he has a sorcerer to deal with, he resolves to try whether another element will not destroy him, and accordingly carries the third body into a wood, where he makes a great fire, in the midst of which he instantly tosses it. Presently a knight on horseback, on his way to a tourney, rides up and dismounts to warm his hands, upon which the man, supposing this to be the sorcerer come to life once more, seizes him and his horse and throws them into the fire, which consumes them to ashes. In the sequel the lady, in a passion with her husband, accuses him before neighbours of the triple murder, and they are both put to death.

This story, however, has been taken into the *Septem Sapientum* almost word for word from the Anglican *Gesta Romanorum*¹ (see Madden's old English versions of the *Gesta*, [xxv] p. 80), which was compiled, according to Herr Oesterley, towards the end of the 13th century, while the *Septem Sapientum* does not date earlier than the beginning of the 15th century. And if the author of the Anglican *Gesta* had for his model the Hebrew story of the Hunchbacks, it must have been a version very different in the details of the catastrophe from that which has reached us, since in the latter no mention is made of the woman's device of

¹ Or rather, from the continental *Gesta*, which was formed from the Anglican text.

persuading the man that the body had come back again. Wright, indeed, conjectured that the Hebrew story originally concluded in the same manner as the Three Knights and the Lady. This may have been so; but why suppose the original of the Latin story to be one so different in its *dénouement* as we now know it whatever it may or may not have been when we have another, and probably an earlier, version which it much more closely resembles, namely, the Trouveur Durant's *fabliau* of *Les Trots Bossus*? The following is the outline of this tale:

An old, ugly, and hunchbacked *chatelain* had a beautiful young wife, of whom he was so very jealous, that he kept a constant watch on her. One day three minstrels, hunchbacked too, came to the castle, and, for once, were entertained by the surly *chatelain*, who then dismissed them with a present, and he shortly afterwards went out to walk in the fields. His young wife, sitting at her window, perceives the three hunchbacks dancing and capering along the road in great glee, and sends for them to come and amuse her. They have hardly entered her chamber, when she hears her husband coming, so she pushes them into three coffers that stood in the apartment. The husband, however, having only looked in to see whether all was right, immediately goes away to resume his walk, when the lady hastens to release her prisoners, but, to her horror, finds all three dead—suffocated ! What was to be done? But woman is ever fertile in expedients. She went to the gate, and, seeing a simple rustic pass, called him in, and, showing him the body in one of the coffers, promised him ample recompense if he disposed of it. The rustic stuffed the body in a sack, carried it off to the river, threw it in, and then returned for his reward. By this time the lady, with the help of her maid, had changed the position of the coffers; so she showed him the body of the second minstrel, saying it was the same that he had thrown into the water. The rustic was amazed, but disposed of it as he had done the first, and in like manner rids the lady of the third body, believing he has had to deal with a magician; after which, on his way back to the lady, he meets the *chatelain*, returning home from his evening walk. Enraged now beyond measure, “Dog of a hunchback!” he cries, “are you come back again?” So saying, he seized and stuffed him into the sack, tied a large stone round his neck, and presently the unlucky husband joined his brother hunchbacks at the bottom of the river. “I warrant me,” quoth the rustic to the lady, “you haven’t seen him this time.” She confessed that she had not. “Yet you were not far from it,” said he, and then related what had happened. The lady instantly comprehended the whole affair, smiled, and dismissed him with a handsome reward.

It thus appears that the *fabliau* corresponds with the Hebrew version in all essential points excepting the denouement, and it is highly probable that both were derived from a common source. That the story came from Asia admits of no question, though I am very far from believing, with Douce and Madden, that the Arabian tale of the [Little Hunchback](#) is the original of all such stories of adventures with dead bodies. Had Douce known of the comparatively recent date

of the *Thousand and One Nights*— at least, as it exists at present— he would hardly have credited that work with being the original source of tales which were current in Europe in the 12th and 13th centuries. ([Back](#))



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